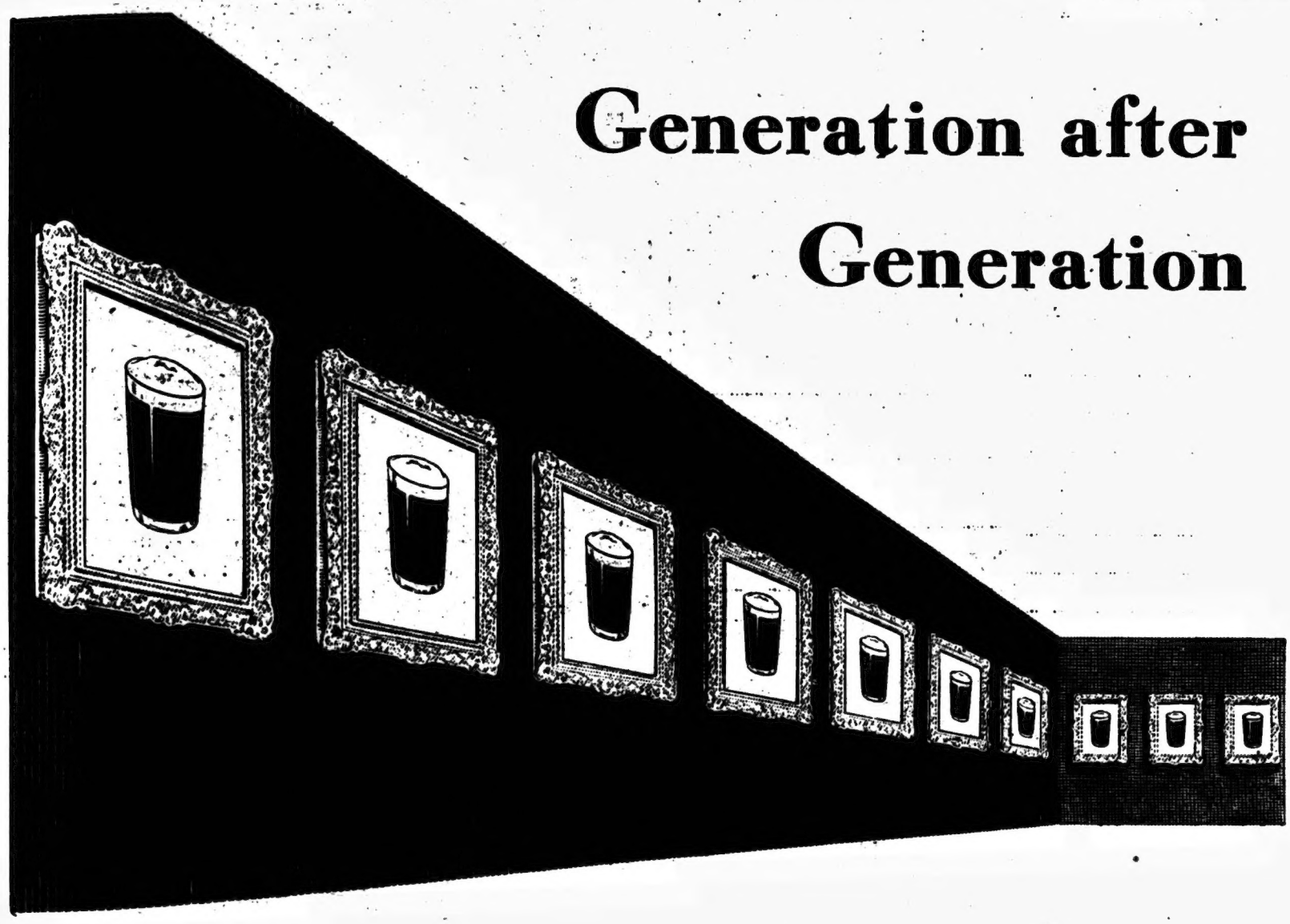
TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1572.

THE NAVY: A MAD SCARE (SEE PAGES 18 & 19)

JOHN BULL



Generation after Generation

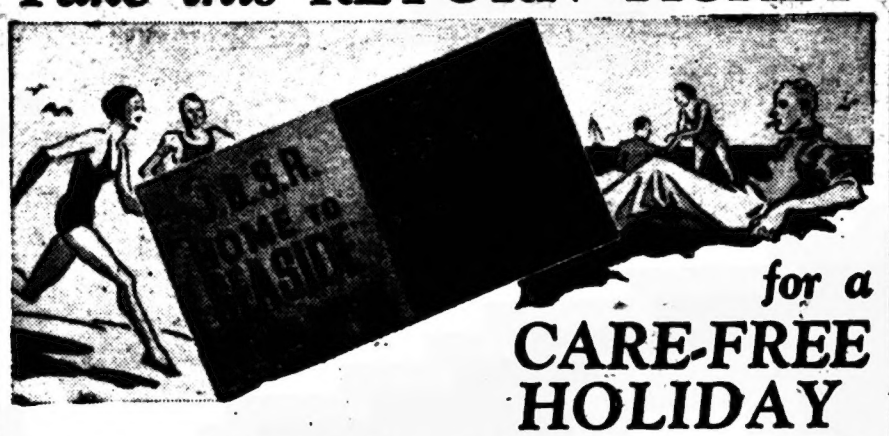
For more than a century and a half Guinness has been brewed, as it is to-day, with a yeast of quite exceptional quality. To the yeast, constantly reborn, and to the traditional methods of brewing, is due the famous "creamy head" of Guinness.

You feel—as your grandfathers felt—that you've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness.

Guinness is good for you

G.E.601.A

Take this RETURN TICKET



for a CARE-FREE HOLIDAY

THE front door is shut securely. But at the garden gate is there not just one glance back and a fleeting moment of nervousness? All those precious possessions that mean "home"—that have taken years to gather together—are being left behind at the mercy of such risks as Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest and night marauders.

Registered readers of "John Bull" need have no such fears. They can enjoy a really care-free holiday without a moment's anxiety for their home—"JOHN BULL" will remain on guard.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

Under its great Free Family Insurance Gift "John Bull" not only provides generous Benefit for loss by Burglary, but it is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest as it is the ONLY paper to pay Sickness Benefit.

And "John Bull" has not forgotten the personal Safety of its registered readers.

"John Bull" provides Benefits for Accident while Boating and Bathing, Accidents on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, Accidents in the home and garden, etc., etc.

£581 4s. 11d. PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £581 4s. 11d. to registered readers or their dependants.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

Should an application for benefit arise, all that readers will be asked to do is to show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return and that they bought "John Bull" while they were away.

IF YOU HAVE NOT YET SIGNED FOR SAFETY, DO SO NOW—on the forms below.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/8/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/8/36.

CLUB AGENTS

and augment your income

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING BRITAIN'S LEADING XMAS AND ALL-YEAR CLUBS

EVERY PROPOSITION INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

HOW to TURN YOUR SPARE TIME into CASH

An interesting contribution by "Judge."

A SHORT while ago a small advertisement appeared in a paper and ran as follows:—

"£5 cash bonus and employment all the year round is offered by" (here followed the advertiser's name and address).

Hundreds of people must have seen it but many thousands must have skipped it. And what a chance they missed! For those few words crystallised one of the finest, possibly the best, spare-time proposition which any man or woman could take up.

Interviewed, the advertiser said: "Only six people answered the advertisement, and I have engaged them all, but I wanted at least one hundred. This has proved one thing to me—people do not want spare-time work even when there is a chance of earning big money."

"I'm not surprised," I replied, to his astonishment. "You left the public guessing: you left too much to its imagination."

And then he tumbled to my remark.

"Ah, I see what you are driving at," he went on. "You think that my advertisement lacked essential details, and that the average man and woman won't risk a halfpenny stamp to get further details."

"Exactly," I replied. "The next time you advertise tell the public that your spare-time job needs no experience and can be worked anywhere. Say that you don't believe in men and women working on a low commission basis, and that 6d. in every shilling they take belongs to them. Tell them how pleasant and easy the work is and what they have to do: go from door to door offering about fifty 1/- lines of quality printed stationery which sell like wildfire. Above all, mention that you supply the whole outfit absolutely free of charge. Then you'll get some genuine applications from those seeking spare-time cash."

"I'll take your advice," he answered.

And as we shook hands two kindly eyes told me that here was a man whose ideas and uncommonly fair methods had brought him business success.

"How about the £5 cash bonus?" I said as we parted. "Does it still hold good for any other prospective spare-time workers who may write you for full details?"

"Most decidedly," was his reply.

So if you are seeking a profitable, easy and pleasant spare-time occupation for all the year round send a p.c. to SERVICE PRESS, St. Michael's, Albert Grove, Bristol 5, and everything will be placed before you without obligation.

into CASH
PLUS £5 CASH BONUS in CRISP POUND NOTES for XMAS

CLUB AGENTS WANTED

5/- BARGAIN CLUB

THE EASIEST FINEST and BEST

5 MEMBERS ONLY REQUIRED

NO WAITING FOR GOODS DRAWING FOR TURNS

★ ALL MEMBERS RECEIVE GOODS IMMEDIATELY ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 1/-

BIG COMMISSION EASILY EARNED

Finest Bargains in Drapery, Household Goods, Footwear, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc. HUNDREDS OF BARGAINS TO CHOOSE FROM.

This is FREE

Please send me your Catalogue and full particulars of the 5/- Club

Post in a ½d. Unsealed Envelope

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....J.B.

GORDON MACKAY & CO LEEDS LTD ARMLEY RD. LEEDS 12

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!* THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD. (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR KIDDIES
of a Model Glider!

Turn to Page 20 cut out and save the Coupon!

THERE'S lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the Coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat accept this unique offer now! Use the special coupon on page 20!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d.

Important to YOU!

Each of these announcements means an opportunity for you. Read each one carefully. Then reply to those which interest you most.

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH

by organising a

CHRISTMAS CLUB

NO OUTLAY NO RISK

You can supply your friends with Chocolates, Cigarettes, Cigars, Drapery, Cutlery, Leather Goods, Fancy Goods, etc.

We offer you—
THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE COMMISSION
GUARANTEED GOODS
HELPFUL AND SPEEDY SERVICE
EXPRESS DELIVERY
A SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE and
A HANDSOME FREE XMAS PRESENT

A post card will bring all particulars together with our Fine Art Catalogue FREE, also a DAINTY SOUVENIR GIFT

MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY
DEPT. J.43 SHIPLEY YORKSHIRE

AGENTS WANTED

EARNING CLUB

Eighteen rubies in chronium. Considerably high and quickly current. A typical example in this magnificent chronium-cased watch. Reliable, guaranteed Swiss-made, tested and shockproof movement. Written guarantee for two years. Fitted with latest milanese chronium adjustable wristband. Only 8/- (carriage paid) obtainable through club at 1/- per week. Start earning money now. Members join on sight of wonderful new catalogue, packed with marvellous bargains in Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Household goods, etc. Four prices only: 2/-, 4/-, 6/-, 8/-. Send post card for FREE CATALOGUE.

BIG & QUICK COMMISSION
EIGHTEX CLUB
Complete in EIGHT WEEKS

JAMES CLYDE & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 82, Kingsgate Street, London, E.C.1.

AGENTS REQUIRED

HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID

25/- to £6 per week easily earned by Men and Women with spare time to represent London's oldest Club and Credit Departmental Store.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB DRAW AGENCY.

Every appointed Agent can complete his customers immediate delivery on payment of Deposit.

There is no waiting for Club Draw Tickets.

Each Representative has Full Range of Samples Supplied without charge. All Household Utensils and Stationery Free. We specialise in Household Goods, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Radio and Musical Instruments.

Including Piano Accordions by all the Best Makers.

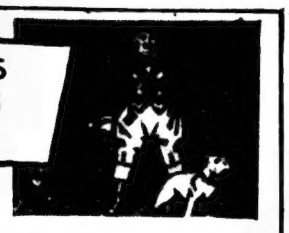
Jewellery of every description. Our Agents are able to open Accounts on the Most Favourable Terms. No outlay or experience required. Why not send to-day for particulars of Permanent Employment with an old Established Firm? Full details Free upon receipt of 6 Postage addressed to "Head Employment Manager."

J. A. DAVIS & CO

Be a CLUB AGENT and augment your income

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING BRITAIN'S LEADING XMAS AND ALL-YEAR CLUBS

EVERY PROPOSITION INVESTIGATED by JOHN BULL



TAKE UP BRITAIN'S GREATEST AND MOST PROFITABLE SALES PLAN AND INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to be better off, prosperous, and with plenty of money to spend—become an Agent for our 6d. Double Value Club Cards which sell at sight. This is definitely the finest spare-time offer you will ever get, and the easiest, simplest and most enjoyable way of adding to your income.

AS AN AGENT: You simply introduce our 6d. Double Value Cards to your relations, friends and workmates. They will buy them because not only can they obtain GOODS of the highest quality as shown in our wonderful 272-page illustrated art Coloured Catalogue but because there is CASH to be won weekly in which *you* also share. Everything is made easy for you—everything necessary is provided free. There is a weekly Magazine for Agents, with interesting contests. LIBERAL COMMISSIONS AND BONUSES. WE PAY ALL POSTAGES. Your earnings are assured in the form of liberal commission and bonuses which you deduct from your weekly returns to us—so that you never wait for your money. Many Agents on our books average over £3 weekly for spare-time work, without trouble or risk. You can do the same.

DON'T DELAY FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. 1), Ampriee House, North End Road, Wembley, Middx.

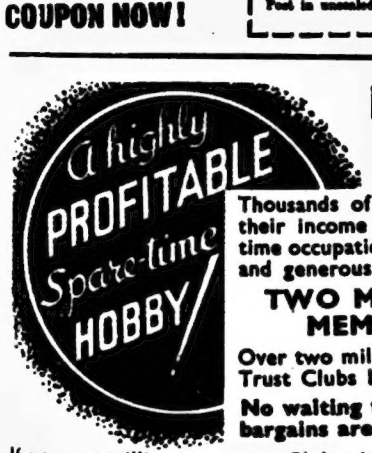
Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B. 1/8/36.



EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN

Thousands of men and women are adding substantially to their income as John England Trust Clubholders—a spare-time occupation which offers a dignified business opportunity and generous cash commissions from the first day.

TWO MILLION MEMBERS DEMAND EVERYWHERE

Over two million members are waiting to join John England Trust Clubs because there is :

No waiting for goods. No drawing for turns, and all bargains are at cash prices from 2/6 to £3.

If you are willing to start a Club with as few as five members with the possibility of earning as much as our old-established Clubholders, WRITE TO-DAY for particulars how to start at once and without investment.

JOHN ENGLAND TRUST CLUB

Please send me full particulars. No obligation incurred.
(Post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN ENGLAND TRUST CLUB, S.29 Reading Lane, Hackney, E.8.

More Special Announcements appear on page opposite

WHATEVER YOUR JOB IN LIFE

THIS WILL ADD TO YOUR INCOME

There's extra money for everybody in running a "Worldwide" Club, no matter what their situation or circumstances. Thousands of men and women in every part of the Kingdom spend a few minutes' spare time each week at this—the friendliest hobby in the world.

From £2 up to £5 and more is regularly made by "Worldwide" Club Organisers. No experience is needed. No selling or canvassing. Everything is provided free.

Besides, your friends benefit too. They get full advantage of our direct-from-warehouse prices, saving them 5/- to 10/-, and all on simple 1/- weekly terms.

Fill in the coupon and get all particulars FREE and without any obligation.

Associated Warehouses—
J. D. Williams & Co. Ltd., of Manchester.
Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
Directors : E. C. & W. P. Williams.

FREE BOOKLET & CATALOGUE COUPON

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester.

Please send me free and without obligation your illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME M .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

ADDRESS .....

J.B./9. .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET MANCHESTER·1

Just think what you could do with £5!

A SPLENDID **FREE GIFT** TO ALL WRITING FOR **DRIVER'S HUGE XMAS CLUB CATALOGUE**

—AND WHY NOT? Don't WASTE your spare-time when you can earn a good income by using that time in a pleasant manner, without having to lay out a penny or involve yourself in any obligation.

If you REALLY want CASH—think of **DRIVER'S**, because it is the **OLDEST, LARGEST AND BEST CLUB ORGANISATION IN THE COUNTRY.** Driver's Xmas Club Agents have an easy task in enrolling members when they show the magnificent Catalogue, which is beautifully illustrated in colour, and crammed full from cover to cover with truly amazing bargains in **HOUSEHOLD AND FANCY GOODS, CHOCOLATES, CIGARETTES, TOYS,** etc., in fact a production of absorbing interest to all your friends and relations. Many Driver Agents earn £5 or more every year regularly in this easy, pleasant way.

All you have to do is to write for the Catalogue, which will be sent to you FREE, complete with full particulars of how to form a Driver Xmas Club. Also we will send you a splendid **FREE GIFT**, the acceptance of which will involve you in no obligation or expense whatsoever. A p.c. will do, so long as it has your name and address clearly written. Send at once to :

DRIVERS *is the firm that backs up its agents by giving them every assistance,* **BEST GOODS, QUICKEST DELIVERIES, HIGHEST COMMISSION AND A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.**

SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD.
BURTON ROAD, LEEDS

Also at LONDON, BRADFORD, SHEFFIELD, NEWCASTLE, HULL, and BRIGHOUSE.

BETTER TERMS & EASIER WORK FOR ORGANISERS - BETTER VALUE FOR MEMBERS

VERNONS
MAIL ORDER STORES LTD.

INVITE YOU TO FILL IN THIS COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

JOIN BRITAIN'S LEADING CLUBS

To :
VERNON'S MAIL ORDER STORES, LTD.,
The Russell Bldg., School Lane, Liverpool, 1 (Dept.2)

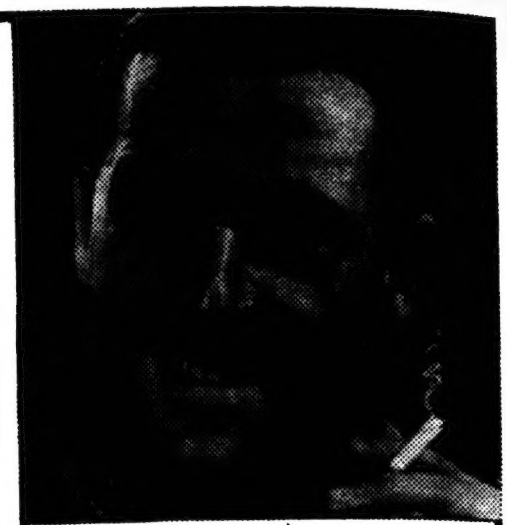
Without any obligation on my part please send me full particulars of your clubs.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"For coolness, freshness and smoothness give me CRAVEN "A" every time!"



YES, I remember how I used to think an occasional touch of smokers throat was unavoidable. But that was before I switched to Craven 'A'! To tell you the truth I've never found a trace of harshness or throat irritation in a single packet. Craven 'A' are smoothness itself! From the way they're packed to the way they smoke I've no fault to find. Try them and see if you don't agree.

Made specially to prevent sore throats

Holiday-Makers Remember...
Wherever you buy your Craven "A," at the seaside or in some remote corner of the country, they will always be as fresh as if they had just left Carreras' factory, because they're sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE.'
They never vary.
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

C.A.346

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 1, 1936 Twopence
Postage. Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Bomb Fodder at FIFTY

He may have lost his "Tipperary" voice, but he'll be in the next war all right

NOW we are really beginning to see the abyss into which we are being driven!

We are getting a real close-up of the catastrophe that is soon going to overwhelm us all unless a halt is called to the mad war preparations going on over half Europe.

"MEN OF FIFTY WANTED FOR THE AIR DEFENCE UNITS OF THE TERRITORIALS."

That is the new writing on the wall. And its deadly significance must be apparent to the blindest eyes.

Here we are, still nominally at peace, and yet already men of fifty are wanted for the defence of the country. Not youths of twenty, or twenty-five, mark you, but middle-aged men. Men who amid the agitations of the past few years may have foolishly been comforting themselves with the idea that if war *did* come, they would be over military age.

They, and the whole nation, know better now.

Mr. Baldwin's lips may remain sealed, but Sir Thomas Inskip, the Defence Minister, has blurted out a bit of the ugly truth. Men of fifty are right and proper material for anti-aircraft gunners nowadays, especially those who did their bit in the War-to-end-War (1914-1918), and who might have some justification for wanting to finish their days in peace by their own firesides in "civvies."

Sir Thomas has rudely broken their dream. His statement in the House during the Armaments Debate definitely tells the nation—or that part of it which did not realise the position before—that in the next war there are not going to be any civvies. The long-distance bomber, and poison-gas, will see to that all right.

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IT won't be a young man's war, make no mistake about that. It will be every man's war—and every woman's probably.

The "War-to-end-War" had lasted pretty well four years before civilians in the late 'forties found themselves on the drill square and sticking bayonets into swinging dummies, and "seeing life" on the Western front.

A bit of a difference now, when while we are still at peace the call goes up for the men of fifty! It isn't hard to foresee that if war does break out, under new conditions men of fifty will be mobilised at once for the trenches. They won't have four years to read about it in the newspapers; probably not four months.

And it won't stop with men of fifty. There'll be the fifty-five, sixty, and sixty-five classes of civilians to be called up for combatant service.

Already the War Minister has announced the eligibility of men of sixty for the new National Defence Companies that are to be called up if war breaks out.

True, it may be service on the Home Front. But the Home Front won't be anything like so "cushy" as it was in the last war. It will be the Battle Front. There will be heavy casualties on it—the killed, the wounded, the gassed. As we have said before, the long-range bombers and poison-gas promise you that. And it is a promise which will be relentlessly carried out.

In Japan it is a Cabinet of Elder Statesmen which has exclusive powers for declaring war. And when it has done it it must resign and go at once into the front line of battle, while a newly elected Cabinet carries on.

It isn't to be expected that we shall ever see our Elder Statesmen following this quaint Japanese custom. But it is as certain as anything can be that our Elder Generation will, in the event of war, find that front places have been reserved for it as well as for its juniors.

So here we are faced with the prospect of war at no distant date, in which all of us, old and young, are going to be combatants with equal chances of being wiped out.

That is the only logical conclusion to be drawn from Sir Thomas Inskip's appeal—*in time of peace*—for men of fifty to become anti-aircraft gunners. Really a word of thanks is due to him for switching the searchlight so dramatically on the position and showing the nation the disaster it is heading for.

We don't suppose he did it quite with this object. He didn't anticipate for a moment that the natural reaction of the men of fifty will be, not to rush into his open arms and ask for a khaki suit and a pair of puttees, but to realise, if they hadn't before, that the Government's mess and muddle in dealing with international affairs have brought them within measurable distance of singing "Tipperary" under a tin-hat again. And they've lost their voices.

It is just as well, though, that the "fighting fifties" should know once and for all, through the kind offices of Sir Thomas Inskip, that they also are doomed in the event of another war. The twenties and twenty-fives have been conscious of it for years. It is good that old men shall realise that the battle will not be only for the swift and strong, but for the slow and rheumaticky also.

◇◇◇◇◇

ALL this will strengthen the weight behind the demand of the people for peace. It will strengthen the nation's determination to insist that its Ministers do not allow themselves to be dragged helplessly along behind the war chariot—let alone give it a push forward occasionally.

The Government must be rudely awakened from the apathy into which it has sunk.

The nation wants a positive peace policy; not a negative war one which is the best that can be said of the Government's at present.

The Government wants men of fifty as anti-aircraft gunners. What the man of fifty wants is a Government that will help to rid the world of anti-aircraft guns and gunners.

And the rest of the nation want it, too.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

A Grand Plan for the No-Holiday Children

Two Most Inhuman Mothers

Councils That Let the Weeds Grow

THINK of the children who will be left behind this August Bank Holiday—hundreds of thousands of them, whose parents are too poor to give them even a day at the seaside as a summer treat!

Fortunately, here and there a thought has been given to these tragic little outcasts of the holiday season. By the councillors, for instance, of that populous London suburb, Wood Green.

The happy holiday scene we want to see in every park

Safe Play

They have decided that during the holiday children must not be compelled to amuse themselves in the streets, a danger to themselves and to motorists alike.

Not only on Bank Holiday, but throughout the weeks that the schools are closed, organised games will be held in the parks.

Moreover, efforts are being made to secure the free use of the swimming baths for children at certain times.

Why wait?

In Glasgow, six games instructors have been appointed. Older pupils assist them in looking after the juniors.

Already the experiment has proved so successful that there is talk of using all the parks for organised games next year.

Next year! You may ask why this cannot be done during the present season.

You may ask, too, why the London County Council is being recommended only to continue floodlighting after dark in the playgrounds of two elementary schools.

Little cost

But the most important question is why such facilities for safe play are not available in every poor district.

The cost of keeping school playgrounds open and of giving work to trained games instructors is comparatively small.

The advantage of protecting young children from road perils—to say nothing of the happiness afforded them—makes that cost really negligible.

We appeal, then, to every local council to follow the excellent example set by Wood Green and Glasgow.

We ask you to do your bit as well. Think of the plight of those countless youngsters to whom a holiday is unknown—and then urge your council to take compassion on them.

More leaks

Mr. George Hardie, M.P., wants an enquiry into a new kind of "leakages" from Government departments.

He alleges that, in connection with land required for aerodromes, advance information is reaching speculators, who are snapping up the sites and then holding the Government to ransom.

So serious an allegation must not be hushed up.

Costly weeds

On vacant land and neglected gardens everywhere, weeds are seeding. Owners of neighbouring property are sufferers, and the damage caused in this way runs into millions of pounds.

Local authorities have power to order noxious weeds to be abated; heavy penalties may be imposed for failure to comply with such an order.

Unfortunately, very few authorities exercise this power. What is now needed, evidently, are heavy penalties for official neglect of duty.

Nursing home scandal

Our full support goes to those M.P.s who are trying to end the nursing home racket.

The dirty rooms, poor food and inadequate attention that characterises some "homes" stress the need for a better system of inspection.

And that's a job for the Ministry of Health.

Compliments

Happiest story of the week concerns two famous opponents—Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, and his predecessor, Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

Sir Kingsley opens a big block of flats in Manchester, names them "Greenwood House," after which the Labour leader lays the foundation stone of another block of flats to be known as "Kingsley Wood House."

Health for all

Congratulate the British Medical Association, which proposes a general medical service for the nation.

No one can disprove Sir Henry Brackenbury, who declares that the war against disease is conducted on "a wasteful and ill-organised system." No one can contradict Sir E. Farquhar Buzzard, who says the nation's health can only be improved by the earliest possible detection of slight departures from normal health.

Let us, as we have said before in these columns, build a really national health service.

Home of honour

The "God bless the squire and his relations, and keep us in our proper stations" spirit seems to be reviving.

Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P., declares, "The ideal fountain of honour in leadership can only be fed from the streams of our great public schools," which is hard on the parents who can't afford to send their sons to expensive schools.

Nor is that all.

Waste of money!

Sir Albert Atkey, ex-Lord Mayor of Nottingham, doesn't think that clever lads should be sent from elementary schools to the universities.

It's a waste of money, he says, to develop the academic powers of those whom Nature intended to be hewers of wood and drawers of water!

But did Nature intend Shakespeare to be a clod?

Their real use

Never mind. Poor youths have their value, after all. Col. Sir John Shute says so.

He thinks it is "the inherent duty of every healthy young man to give up his leisure time to military training."

Their sweethearts may think differently. And if *you* think that these three gentlemen are talking through their hats we shan't blame you.

Disgrace

We often criticise remand homes for young offenders. Now one at Middlesbrough is condemned by a woman magistrate.

On a recent visit she found seven boys, aged eleven to fifteen, herded together in a locked and airless room, with a table for furniture and nothing to occupy them except a puzzle. They had to feed in a cellar and sleep on "undesirable" bedding—and one boy had been there since May!

Whatever offences they may have committed, in our view, could hardly be worse than that of the authorities who keep them in such conditions.

Inhuman mothers

A horrible story comes from Bath of two women who left five children—two of them babies of nine months—locked in a house. These precious mothers were found helplessly drunk in the early hours of the next morning after attending a dance.

Dances and drink are to be barred to them for the next two years. But are they fit to have the custody of children?

Money in plenty?

In time, it is hoped, every county will have its cathedral. Guildford, which has no lack of churches, is to have one costing £250,000, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has just laid its foundation-stone.

Very fine! But it makes it harder to understand why the Church cannot spare a little money for the parsons on the starvation line, for churches in new housing areas and other lowly but urgent needs.

Getting worse

Road deaths rise again. In a single week 154 persons are killed, 5,224 injured.

These figures, the worst issued this year, suggest that the safety measures are failing. True, fewer pedestrians are among the victims, and Mr. Horeblisha claims that "this accident business is becoming a war between motorists."

Maybe the suggested heavier penalties for dangerous driving will lessen that war. But it seems to us that the whole problem demands fresh and urgent consideration.

Effrontery

Flag manufacturing and the sale of books on birth control, nudism and prostitution is an oddly mixed business. But it's carried on by Frank Turner, of Downshire Hill, London, N.W., who circularises people in unsealed letters in an effort to dispose of his goods.

He claims that more than a million circulars have been sent out and less than one person in two hundred has objected to receiving them.

The others, no doubt, refuse to waste a three-halfpenny stamp on salesmanship of this type.

Bigotry

It's the little things in life that often arouse the deepest feeling. Here's one that rouses us.

The British Legion at Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent, sends poor children for a Sunday outing each year—usually numbering a thousand-odd with the parents. But now local Sunday schools object to this "desecration" of the Sabbath and ask the youngsters to boycott their own joy-day.

"Bigotry" is the mildest word for it.

On the road

New character: the cycling tramp. Every casual ward is having to accommodate him, and local bigwigs are asking, "Why doesn't he sell his machine to pay his way?"

Well, he is the determined out-of-work, touring the Kingdom in search of a job. Good luck to him!

World madness

The League of Nation's report on nutrition is a fresh reminder of the peculiar madness from which the world's statesmen still suffer.

The widespread prevalence of underfeeding, with its attendant disease, is largely due to tariffs which throttle food distribution. For actually, of course, food supplies have never been so plentiful as to-day.

The real need is for statesmen sane enough to see that these supplies are made available for all.

Precious drops

Most of us are tired of wet weather. But to some it will be welcome so long as the authorities neglect their plain duty.

At Epworth, Yorkshire, the only drinking water is that which falls from the roofs; in neighbouring districts a glass of water has to be bought.

Nothing to marvel at, we admit. Drought and floods will always exist, whatever the weather, until the nation's water supply is properly organised.

Consolation

A man is arrested after a London smash-and-grab raid. He had broken a shop window with a stone wrapped in a piece of cloth and stolen—a sausage roll.

For this, he goes to jail for a week.

At least he will be saved from hunger there.

Privacy denied

We agree with the Dudley councillor who protests against the appointment of an additional welfare officer for municipal housing estates. He doesn't believe that the tenants need telling how to behave themselves.

Nor do we. So long as they pay their rents and rates it is the sheerest impertinence to permit public officials to violate the privacy of their homes.

And we should not complain if those officials were treated as unceremoniously as a private landlord who tried to pry on his tenants.

Coming Next Week!

A remarkable Presentation to every reader of 'John Bull.'

Something really wonderful.

Look out for the important double page announcement in

JOHN BULL Next Thursday

They Took his Doors Off!

Working in picturesque surroundings, the British farm labourer's conditions are often the parallel of serfdom

Tragedy of Merrie England

A SENTIMENTAL bishop has, we see, been lamenting the decline of the Maypole, of Morris dancing, and other once joyous pastimes of Merrie England. . . .

Certain landowning peers have been sadly bemoaning the great drift of farm-workers to the towns. Some have sounded a note of grave national warning upon this now acknowledged fact.

Others have been peevishly astonished that the "ungrateful peasantry" could throw their many bountiful gifts back in the kind faces of the landowners; that they could wish to exchange the simple freedom of the countryside for the perilous joys of the great cities.

Now we are not going to argue the merits of a "tied cottage" and a tenement alley.

But here are a few facts which might help to explain the decline in Maypole and Morris dancing and at least one of the causes of that great land migration of which our lawgivers are complaining.

In 1924, after a battle which had lasted for a generation, the Agricultural Wages (Regulation) Act was passed. It provided that a farmer must never pay less than the standard rate of wages in his district.

How it works

IT gave farm-workers the right to complain to the Ministry of any underpayment. It appointed inspectors with the right to inspect farmers' books and investigate complaints. If the farmer had underpaid he could be made to disgorge arrears, and he could be prosecuted.

True, the Act did nothing to *raise* the rate of wages or to standardise them. For instance, a Norfolk labourer enjoys the country life on 31s. 6d. for a full week's work. His brother in Lincolnshire gets 36s., in Kent 33s., in Merioneth 28s. 6d., and so on. But the purpose of the Act was at least to maintain these rates. And Mr. Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, beaming benignly over the fat shires of England, is there to enforce it.

This is how he does it:

A few weeks ago, William Marshall, a farm-worker of Stainton, near Rotherham, made a complaint about underpayment to a Ministry of Agriculture inspector who visited the farm where he was working. That was what the inspector was there for—to hear such complaints, if any.

He took up the complaint with the farmer—of course, without mentioning the man's name. All complaints are "strictly confidential."

A few days later Marshall was dismissed from his work and ordered to clear out of his cottage. The farmer followed up the eviction order by taking the doors off the cottage, presumably to speed Marshall's departure.

This case was brought up in the House of Commons recently by Mr. Tom Williams, M.P. for Don Valley, in which district Marshall lives.

Mr. Elliot's reply was that *while he deprecated the dismissal of an employee in such circumstances he had no power to take any action.*

Before we make any comment on the implications of Mr. Elliot's action and lest you think that Marshall's was an isolated example, let us give you some more cases. They are picked at random, *from hundreds of others*, in the dossiers of the National Union of Agricultural Workers. The names of the workers concerned are suppressed—for obvious reasons—but the districts are given.

An official of the union working on a Nottinghamshire farm reported that gross underpayments were being made, not only by his own employer, but throughout the district. He reported many cases and had them taken up by the authorities.

As examples, he quoted instances where a man had been £90 underpaid and when found out the farmer offered £30 in settlement; another was owed £56 and was offered £10; another was £11 6s. underpaid and offered £5 10s. to wipe off all arrears. There was a total of £156 owing various men, and £49 was offered by the farmers.

These were matters which should have been discovered by the inspectors. This union official's share in exposing them was discovered. He was sacked by his employer and thrown out of his cottage.

He was out of work for fifteen weeks and had to live on "victimisation pay" from the union. When at length he got another job it had to be in a different county, for he was boycotted by all the farmers in his own district.

A young Somersetshire labourer had been employed since 1933 on a certain farm. Inspectors confirmed that he had received no overtime for Saturday and Sunday work and that he had been systematically underpaid. The farmer threw him out.

When the union took up the matter with the Ministry, Mr. Elliot replied that he was sorry he could do nothing, *since the farmer had said that he had intended to sack the man anyway, and the information about underpayments had nothing to do with the dismissal!*

The only explanation for such gullibility as Mr. Elliot's in this case is that it must be deliberate. The man had been employed for nearly three years without complaint.

Two more spotlights on Merrie England and life on the land.

The first is a Dorset case, which has ended in grim tragedy.

The man concerned, a cowman, claimed that he had not been paid Sunday money. The inspector got it for him—"confidentially"—but the man got the sack and orders to get out of his cottage forthwith.

Killed . .

LATER he got another job. But he had become "run down" because of weeks of worry and trouble, and he contracted a "witlow," which put him off work—and off wages—again.

One day while he was walking about with his hand bandaged, his new employer's wife sent for him and asked if he would cycle to a neighbouring house and ask for a car to be sent up to the farm for her.

He cheerfully consented to do this little errand. On the way his cycle ran head on into a lorry and he was killed. Now note carefully the end of his little story.

Because he was not on wages at the time and was merely on a private errand for his employer's wife, his family can claim nothing under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Furthermore, the kind farmer, whose wife had sent the man on his death errand, showed his sympathy with the fatherless family by ordering them out of the cottage. Business is business, and he wanted the cottage for another cowman.

That is a nice little bedtime story for Mr. Elliot, and for the bishops who are sorry about the decline in Morris dancing in our villages!

For those others who still yammer sentimentally about the "paternal relationships" between employer and employed upon the land, here is another—although it has nothing to do with wages.

This man had been employed continuously on a Bucks farm for twenty-three years. At the end of last summer his daughter, aged twenty-five, who is employed in domestic service, came home for a holiday.

One day the farmer came to him. Would the daughter give a helping hand at the farmhouse for a few days? The young woman good-naturedly agreed, but made it clear that it was only for "a few days." She was going back to her own employers who expected her and whom she liked.

At the end of the time the farmer came to the man again. "The missus wants to keep your girl and she won't take 'no' for an answer. You make her stay." The father refused. "She's her own mistress and she wants to go back to the people who have been good to her."

Eyewash

"VERY well," said the farmer. And a few days later he sacked the man (after twenty-three years) and ordered him out of his cottage. He demanded time to get another job. So the farmer took out a summons, and the court ordered the man out in three weeks.

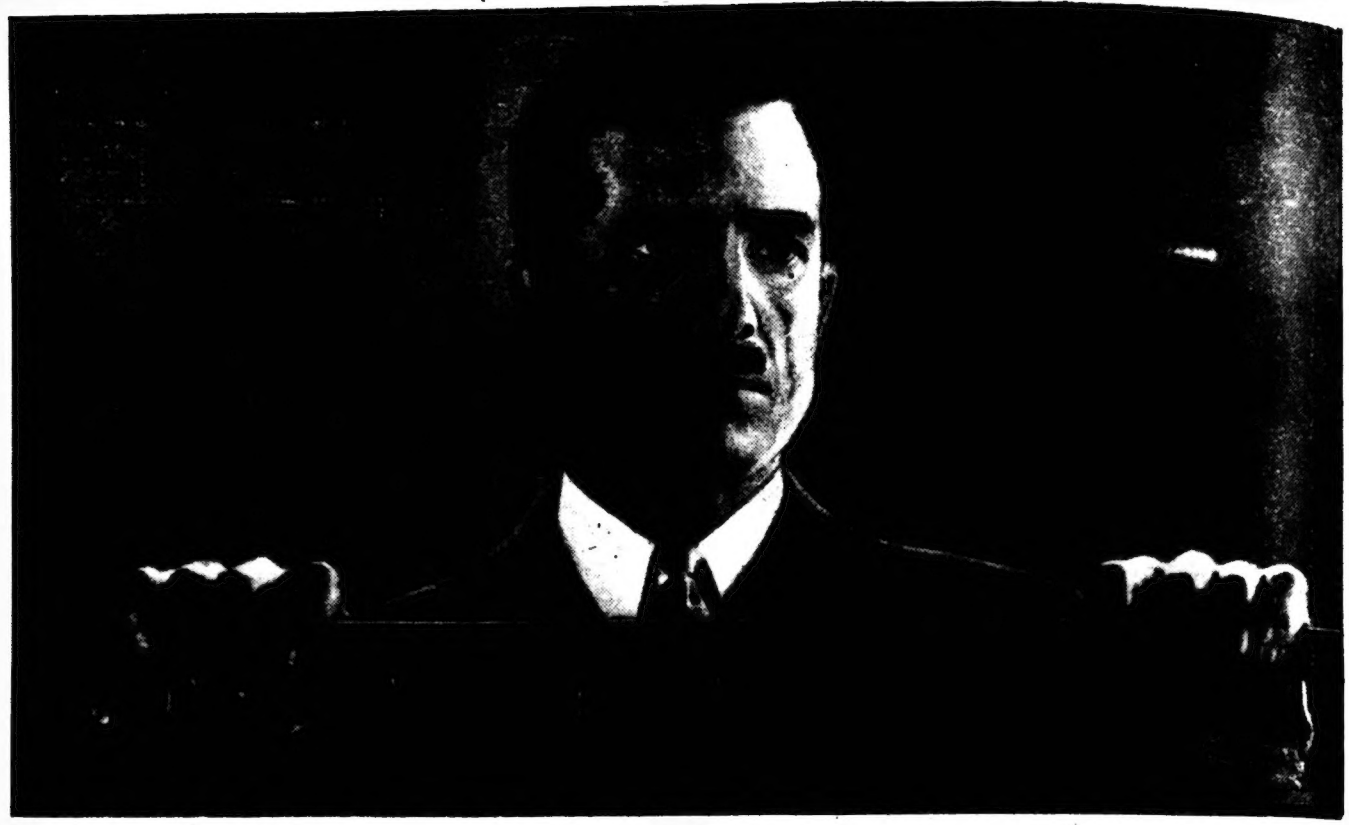
Of course, serfdom is a nasty word. This is England, 1936, not pre-war Russia . . .

The Act which was supposed to protect the farm worker is a dead letter and Mr. Elliot's efforts to enforce it are so much eyewash. Once there were twenty-one inspectors roving the country, descending suddenly on farms investigating underpayments. The Economy Act cut them down to fifteen. To-day they investigate only when they get complaints. And, does anyone think there is going to be much complaining under the conditions we have described?

The Ministry would like to deny that much underpaying is going on. Yet in the year ending September—twelve years after an Act which is supposed to have stamped it out—it has to admit that it recovered £16,835 in arrears of pay and there were seventy-nine prosecutions of farmers. And those are only the cases the Ministry knows of, brought on evidence secured by an understaffed inspectorate from frightened men. There must be hundreds more which go on undetected.

The farmers of this country are drawing nearly £40,000,000 a year in subsidies, direct and indirect. They can afford to pay their men properly and they must be compelled to. The way to do it is to overhaul the whole machinery of that stupid Act to make it so that men can claim their just rights without fear.

We can tell Mr. Elliot—and the bishops—that there are farmworkers in this country who are thinking of other uses for maypoles than to dance around.



The prisoner, sentenced in the dock, may go to jail as punishment for his crime . . .

The Sentence

ONE of the most tragic letters we have ever seen was sent to us the other day by the wife of a man recently convicted at a southern Assize.

The gist of it was that ever since her husband's imprisonment she has been inundated with letters, most of them anonymous, from all parts of the country telling her what the writers of them would like to do to her husband.

Many of her neighbours are treating her in the same strain, and she is nearly out of her mind with misery and shame and worry.

She wants to move away at once from the small cottage where she and her husband have lived, but she has no money. There are six small children, and she does not know where the next meal is coming from. Her husband's wages, their only income, ceased when he went to prison.

Her punishment

As she points out, the neighbours, and the people who write these letters, so anxious to express their indignation about her husband's crime, seem to forget *her* position. Her husband, by his conviction, has paid his penalty, but she goes on paying. Her punishment is even greater than his.

Her case is just another demonstration of how much heavier a punishment can be laid on the innocent than on the guilty. Moralists point to the man or woman in the dock and trot out cant phrases like "Crime doesn't pay." But they do not see the people behind the prisoner—the parents, the children, the relations. They are the people who really know the truth of that phrase, and often more completely and more bitterly than the person in the dock.

There was a case a few days ago of an escaped convict where the police plastered "Wanted" notices all over the London district in which his mother lived. She was a respectable, hard-working woman who kept her son's downfall and disgrace to herself. None of her neighbours knew of it. To them her son was away, working in a good job.

Damage done

But then these bills appeared—*mentioning her name and address in bold type*, presumably as a place to which the hunted man would resort. But pillorying her, as well as him.

There were furious questions in the House of Commons about this police procedure. Sir John Simon agreed at once that the notices must come down or be amended. He even considered making an apology as Home Secretary to the man's mother. But the damage had been done.

Go through the records of wrongdoers brought to justice in recent years and you will find behind almost every one the same story of cruel public ordeal or of inescapable burdens laid upon their innocent kin.

But you will seldom find those stories in the records. These end with the final words of the judge and the summoning hand of the gaoler upon the shoulder of the prisoner. The fierce light which beats upon the dock puts the other tragedy in the shadow.

The trial of Mrs. Bryant for poisoning her husband is fresh in everybody's mind. The public record ended a few days ago with her "judicial hanging" in Exeter Prison. Justice has been done—we all say, comfortably. Let's forget it.

But it has not been done for her five young children. They were sentenced to punishment, also—and their sentence still runs on.

During the trial they were placed in a Dorset workhouse. Two of them, in spite of the great public outcry against the suggestion, were brought into Court to give evidence. If they were of an age to give evidence they are of an age to remember—all their lives.

They were treated gently by the officials at the institution and given comforting explanations of their mother's absence. But ten-years-old Lily lay seriously ill for days during the trial. The doctors could find nothing physically wrong with her. One of them announced at last, "Just worry. . . . A particularly sensitive devotion to her mother."

You may guess the rest which lay behind that dry medical statement. The punishment is not less because it is a child who suffers it.

To-day, the children, from the eldest, who is twelve, to Edwin Frederick, who is one year nine months, have been officially adopted by the Public Assistance Committee of Dorset County Council. They are going into a home. Their name has been changed.

Can you deny that these children also have not been sentenced for their mother's crime? With a public institution for parent and home, they can hope only for time and forgetfulness to earn them a remission.

Court's protection

The law, in its own way, helps to heap the burden of public ordeal on the innocent. The law protects a prisoner under trial against any newspaper comment on his private life. He may not be photographed. There is an iron rule about anything pertaining to his personal life until judge and jury have finished with him. That is bare justice.

But it does not protect the relatives of the prisoner—and that is rank injustice.

All prime offences are prime news. And newspapers driven by fierce competition to secure maximum "coverage," debarred from printing anything except Court reports, turn their attention to the relatives of the prisoner.

There are some among those who direct the policies of newspapers who deplore this practice. But they cannot help themselves. If one does it, all must do it.

Relatives' trial

There are some of the more enlightened who would welcome a ruling which placed relatives' interviews, photographs, and similar material concerning a prisoner on trial under the same prohibitions as the evidence in divorce trials.

So the relentless stream of enquiry in the name of "news" goes on. The relatives must face an endless barrage of interviewers and photographers until the case is done and all "interest" gone.

They have a public attention focused upon them which too often amounts to public persecution. And its effects linger on long after the prisoner has heard his sentence. Their punishment begins at the same time as his.

Murder is the biggest crime news and it is in the background of murder trials that you find the worst personal tragedies.

There was, for instance, the young wife of Lance-Corporal Mortimer, the "glaring eyes" murderer and a Jekyll and Hyde if ever there was one. To his wife he was a kind and tender husband, a loving father to their small child. But away from her apparently he was subject to fits of sadistic frenzy culminating in the murder for which he was eventually reprieved—on medical grounds.

When the arrest took place the little Rhondda village where they lived was invaded and the girl-wife, bewildered and agonised, had to face a steady bombardment of questioning.

She was brought up to London scarcely knowing what it was all about.

In the corridors of the Law Courts she was teaching her baby how to walk.

Even the officials, inured as they are to the spectacle of human disaster, were softened by her misery and kept her out of the Court during most of the trial.

She had sold up her little home and furniture to help the defence costs.

In the cases of the parents of Podmore, Mrs. Thompson, and Field and Grey, the least that you can say is that their lives went out when their children entered the dock to answer for the crime.

Many who were connected with the Field and Grey trial remember Field's father, who was a waiter, bringing his son's food to the Court with his own hands. His pathetic faith in his boy's innocence (he had beggared himself in his defence) drew upon him a large share of the limelight which played upon the trial.

That limelight picked him out after the trial was over. A middle-aged man, he drifted about from job to job without a home. Pointing fingers followed him everywhere. It was soon over for the son, but not for the father.

Peace shattered

Causes célèbres, and for far lesser crimes than the capital offence of murder, have alike laid a tragic legacy on the innocent kin of the wrongdoer.

People remember Lieut. Norman Baillie-Stewart, the "prisoner in the Tower," sent to penal servitude after a general court martial for dealing with agents of a foreign power. But who remembers his father, a colonel, and his mother, and what happened to them.

They were both from families with

Wives, Children, Parents . . .

THEY PAY MOST OF ALL FOR THE CRIME

on the Innocent

a long record of honourable service behind them, and they were both living in retirement at Southsea when the blow fell. Their peace was soon shattered.

A military prosecution is under even closer barriers from public notice than a civil case, and it was inevitable, things being as they were, that more attention would be focused upon them than even the unfortunate relatives of a prisoner for murder.

People who say that "crime does not pay" should have seen the spectacle of this heartbroken father importuning the lobbies of the House of Commons demanding the production of missing evidence which, he said, would acquit his son, appealing to the Press for help, and, at length, nearly at death's door through illness brought on by worry and misery.

And, finally, their small income, mortgaged to the hilt by the costs of the defence. The War Office gratuitously produced £100 towards these costs, which ran into thousands.

Then there was the case of Capt. Miles, former chief of the London Salvage Corps, brought down from his high position and sentenced to penal servitude for the part he played in the fire-raising activities of Leopold Harris.

With the ruins . .

Capt. Miles has been punished enough, heaven knows, for yielding to the temptation to take graft money to cover up his gambling losses.

But who can deny that his young Scots wife has not been punished more? She was unaware of the cause which led to his downfall, yet she remained with him loyally to the end, facing the odium of the Courts and the barrages of cameras and notebooks.

Afterwards, too, she has had to live with the ruins of everything she had built up with him. From possessing a lovely home and servants in the Watling Street mansion provided for the chief of the Salvage Corps, from the assured income and pension prospects which went with it, she has had to start life all over again with her two young children in a small, cheaply rented house in a South Coast town. And with no income other than her parents' help and what she can earn.

She is paying the penalty, too, without recrimination or tears, but just so much—or more—than her erring husband.

Think of the cases—there have been many in recent years—when great financiers have stood in the dock or met their end through wrongdoing.

The personal tragedy of a great captain of industry brought down from the control of millions to penury and disgrace usually strikes the ordinary man as more final and complete than any other.

In spite of the havoc to other people which their ruin causes, there is an undercurrent of sympathy with the Hatrys, the "Jimmie" Whites and the others. The very magnitude of their disasters brings this about when the first reactions of fury and abhorrence have died down. "After all," some people are apt to say, "there are others as bad—or worse—who have not been found out."

But again the real punishment seems to fall upon the wives and families of these men.

A few days after her husband's arrest Mrs. Hatry and her children had had more than they could bear of the savage public limelight which was beating down upon them, and they fled. They went almost penniless, for everything Hatry possessed had been thrown into the wreck of his ventures to mitigate the effects of his wrongdoing. After his conviction the £100,000 mansion in Great Stanhope Street, where his family had lived in such hope of security and the plenty he could provide for them, went under the hammer.

They disappeared, even out of this country, to live in cheap obscurity in a small French town.

Penniless

And then there was Jimmie White. He ended his life while his top-heavy financial structures were tumbling about his ears. But his wife had to live on to bear it, to shoulder the punishment for her husband's wrongs. When the aftermath of the crash died down, she was penniless. From being the châtelaine of a great country estate and a "house in Town," she was reduced to running a small greengrocer's shop in a working-class London suburb.

The punishment scroll of the innocent is as long as the "trials lists" or as those famous cases which fill the front pages of the newspapers. But they are sentences which are not inscribed on any records and they are not featured in the news columns.

Even if we leave the field of major crime and go to what may be termed as "misdemeanours" we can find endless examples. Who suffers the most for the doctor who sins against his profession? Although here perhaps the secrecy which surrounds the proceedings does at least shield the relatives of the wrongdoer from the worst of public obloquy.

To exile

The same, however, cannot be said of Church proceedings which are carried out in a full glare of publicity, thus adding to the ruin a conviction causes.

There was the wife of Archdeacon Wakeford, for instance. He was Canon of Lincoln Cathedral until a Consistory Court found him guilty of misconduct (with a woman who was never found) and deprived him of his high offices. His wife stood by him all through the case, through his bankruptcy, and up to his death after his removal from a mental home.

She went into exile with him, and, having spent all she possessed in an attempt to establish his innocence, ran the small Kentish cottage for him which they had exchanged for the gracious house in the Cathedral precincts.

She was then an elderly woman. The blow had fallen at the end of a long married life. A few weeks after the death of her husband an appeal fund was being raised for her, signed by four bishops. It was to save her from destitution and the workhouse.

Wife's shock

Lastly, there is the case of the late Rector of Stiffkey. The sudden coming of the pressmen and photographers to the Rectory in a quiet East Coast village was the first intimation to the wife of the case in which her husband was involved. She had just returned from a call upon parishioners, and one of her daughters had just come in from riding.

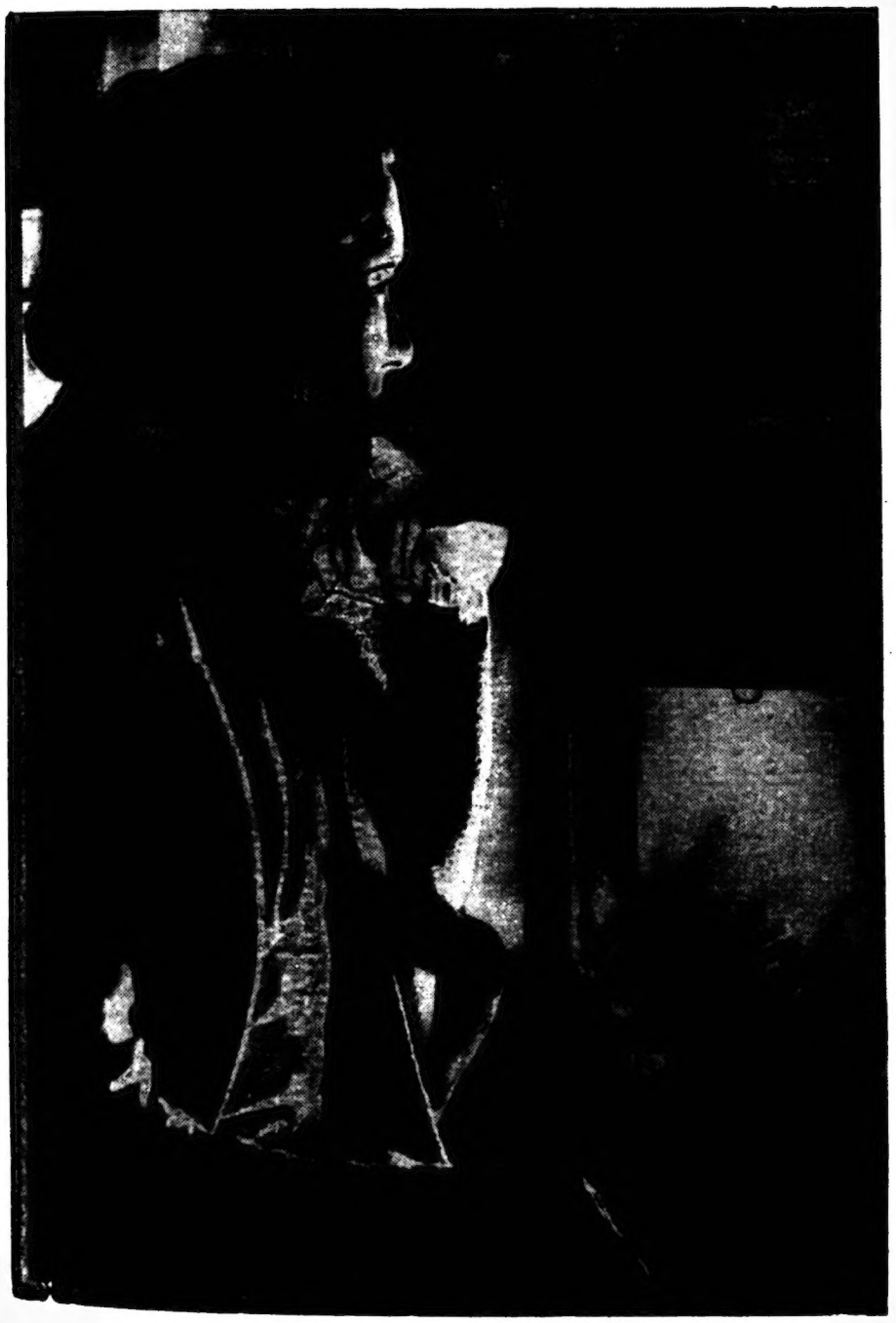
She thought her visitors were ordinary callers, and with pleasant courtesy prepared to give them tea. But in the first words they said she knew her world had come to an end.

The parish living at Stiffkey was very well off, as country parishes go. There is no life more apparently secure than a well-endowed country parish. But in a matter of weeks the erring Rector's wife and children were homeless and penniless. . . .

"If I had only known," is the most tragic cry of humanity. But with what added agony, with what vain regret must it ring in the inner mind of many a man in a prison cell when he knows that the penalties visited upon him are being borne, too, by his kin, innocent of his wrongdoing.

Society has made it so. It is the foreknowledge of that fact which should act as the greatest deterrent to every man who meditates a crime.

He should know more than the truism that the guilty are always punished—*if* they are found out. He should know that *the innocent are punished also*, and that theirs is the cruellest punishment of all.



. . . but an even greater sentence awaits those he knew, and leaves behind

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

I Hope You'll Twist the Kangaroo's Tail

A Barbaric Bit of the Empire—Magistrate We Can do Without—Means Test Beats Bumble—Baldwin and Coronation Wages

DEAR G. O. ALLEN,—I wish you a good innings as the English Test captain. May the fight for the "Ashes" next winter prove keen as well as clean, and may the best team win.

You will not, I'm sure, be bothered by any repetition of the grotesque "body-line bowling" business which marred the last M.C.C. visit to Australia.

The Larwood-Voce episode, which some folk imagined would disrupt the Empire and which led to the intervention of the Dominions Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, is happily a nightmare of the past.

* * *

But your appointment has led to a fresh controversy, I see, though I do not think it will spread to Australia.

For there the M.C.C.'s decision to put you in command has naturally been received with general satisfaction—naturally, because you are an Aussie yourself.

Besides, you are popular in both countries, and the controversy now being waged in Britain is no reflection either on your ability or your manner.

* * *

It is merely concerned with the familiar question of whether it is wise to select a fast bowler as captain. And, frankly, I am one of those who think that the physical strain involved may prove too great.

"The fast bowler," Lord Tennyson declares, "cannot control his senses after he has bowled eight balls." In other words, the heavy physical exertion affects his judgment.

There are, I know, prominent players who take an opposite view. But if you are wise you will take no chances, and resist the pardonable temptation to "keep yourself on" as a bowler.

* * *

If you make yourself a captain first and a bowler last, you will stand a fine chance of giving the kangaroo's tail a twist.

No one will accuse you of not pulling your weight in the team. For you are a magnificent all-rounder—a good bat and a good field as well as a brilliant bowler.

And I expect to hear you acclaimed next winter as a grand Test captain—to welcome you with a cheer when you return with those invisible but coveted "Ashes"! JOHN BULL.

May it happen thus!

Rt. Hon. TOM JOHNSTON, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON,—You have performed a public service by exposing the infamous conditions which the British Government encourages in Rhodesia.

Natives imported by goldmining and other employers are given no facilities to bring their wives and families with them; instead, concubines are licensed for their use, and all kinds of vice exist.

Again, an African in jail can be given twelve cuts with the lash for twenty-nine separate offences against prison discipline.

Such incredible barbarities should arouse your fellow M.P.s to demand immediate reform. JOHN BULL.

Rev. P. J. KELLY,
Acock's Green, Birmingham.

DEAR VICAR,—Addressing ex-Service men, you speak of pacifists as people who "torture" war veterans with "poisonous and hurtful words."

You can't agree with that sort of thing, you say. But nor can pacifists, who aim at preventing another war rather than abusing those who took part in the last. JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. E. AGAR,
National Association of Teachers

DEAR PRESIDENT,—I share your view that only men should teach in boys' schools. A woman in charge of a class of boys is just as incongruous as a man in charge of a class of girls.

And certainly there is nothing so ludicrous as women in gym costumes trying to teach lads to play football! JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN,
M.P. for Gorbals

DEAR MR. BUCHANAN,—Of all the speeches in the Means Test Debate, your personal protest has moved me most.

"One of my wife's brothers tramped the streets for four years searching for a job," you say. "His most humiliating experience came when enquiries were made at the place where his girl, aged twenty-one, was employed."

Bumble, we are told, is dead. But his place has been filled by an Inquisitor who, it seems to me, goes one worse. JOHN BULL.

Mr. RHYS HOPKIN MORRIS,
London

SIR,—You make me rejoice that you are leaving the post of Metropolitan Police magistrate, so odd are your views.

You are opposed to the new trend in juvenile courts and matrimonial courts, regarding the introduction of "psychology" as the "thin edge of a wedge which has Fascism and injustice behind it."

Well, well! What you term psychology usually means sympathy and common-sense, two qualities which are hardly distinctive of Fascism or injustice.

And I, for one, think it better to save the young offender from jail and to try to prevent marriages from needless disaster than to revert to an automatic operation of the law. JOHN BULL.

Mr. O. J. B. COLE,
Chief Constable, Leicester

DEAR CHIEF,—If you're wise, you will refuse to act as the housewife's dictator.

Wholesale fruiterers are complaining that producers are coming into Leicester and selling direct to shops, thus eliminating the middleman's profits. And the markets committee wants you to intervene.

Soon, I suppose, they will ask you not only to see that the housewife pays more than she need, but buys more than she can afford. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Asked to see that no worker loses a day's pay for the Coronation public holiday, you say you have no doubt that employers will show full consideration. That is in the politest Parliamentary manner. But it means nothing.

Good employers will need no urging to display "consideration." What of the others who are only prepared to show their loyalty at their workpeople's expense?

If they cannot be shamed into paying wages for Coronation Day they should be compelled to do so. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MAY GORDON,
Milton, Berkshire

MADAM,—Yours is a pitiful story. When your allowance fell from £200 a month to a beggarly £50 you did all you could to economise.

You moved into a smaller house. You gave up your car. You reduced your servants from ten to two.

Despite these sacrifices, you could not make ends meet. Now you are bankrupt, owing more than £8,000.

Yes, a pitiful story. But I have greater sympathy for the folk who, when they fall upon evil times, have sense enough to economise in earnest. JOHN BULL.

The GOVERNORS,
Swansea General Hospital

GENTLEMEN,—You provide a strong argument for a more rational hospital system.

More than three thousand workmen are stopping their contributions to your institution—a loss to you of £9,000 a year—and paying them instead to the Clydach Memorial Hospital. They think, quite rightly, that a hospital they support should give them treatment when they need it.

And, unless you give them satisfaction, others intend to follow their lead. Hadn't you better wake up? JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES PURVES STEWART,
Buckingham Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I do not know why a distinguished nerve specialist like yourself should have to bother about inventions for silencing road drills.

Though your interest is welcome, the public authorities should have ended years ago the appalling din caused by these machines.

It is nothing less than disgraceful that they should have to be goaded into activity by private citizens whose welfare they are supposed to study. JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE RUDALL, Liskeard: Congratulations on ninetieth birthday. You must be my oldest reader.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Figures of Fun

AUGUST is upon us,
Very soon we'll be
Bathing in the briny,
Splashing in the sea,
Lounging on the beaches,
Stretching in the sun—
That is if, by any chance,
Summer has begun!

While our worthy bankers
For a brace of days
Cease to think of figures,
We on figures gaze;
Figures plain and fancy,
Anxiously each waits
To be duly audited
By the Reverend Yates!

Yes, the Rev. W. Yates, of Blackpool, has been going into figures—the kind open to inspection by any auditor who happens to be beside the seaside—and has embodied his researches in an æsthetic balance-sheet.

On the credit side is a row of female figures described as "all curves, symmetry and perfect grace," but the debit side shows male figures condemned as "all angles and bones and perfectly horrible."

It is, indeed, the opinion of our rev. figure fancier that males who go down to the sea in slips are among the blunders of the deep. "Every part of the male," he says, "should be covered when bathing."

Unlike many seaside censors, Mr. Yates looks at bathing beaux and belles with the eyes of a sculptor rather than with those of Mrs. Grundy, having realised that the important thing is not so much the bathing dress, but what is inside it.

This, at least, is a change, whether we agree with him or not. Among those who do not is Mrs. Yates. "Most women prefer to see men bathers," she says. "A man's figure, providing it has not gone out of shape, as so many do, arouses a woman's admiration."

Thus encouraged, some of us will strut the sands with added diablerie, espieglerie, sangfroid and so forth. We may even regret that there are not competitions for male bathing beauties, feeling confident that we would have more than a sporting chance of being chosen as "Mr. Bognor" or Carnival King of Southend.

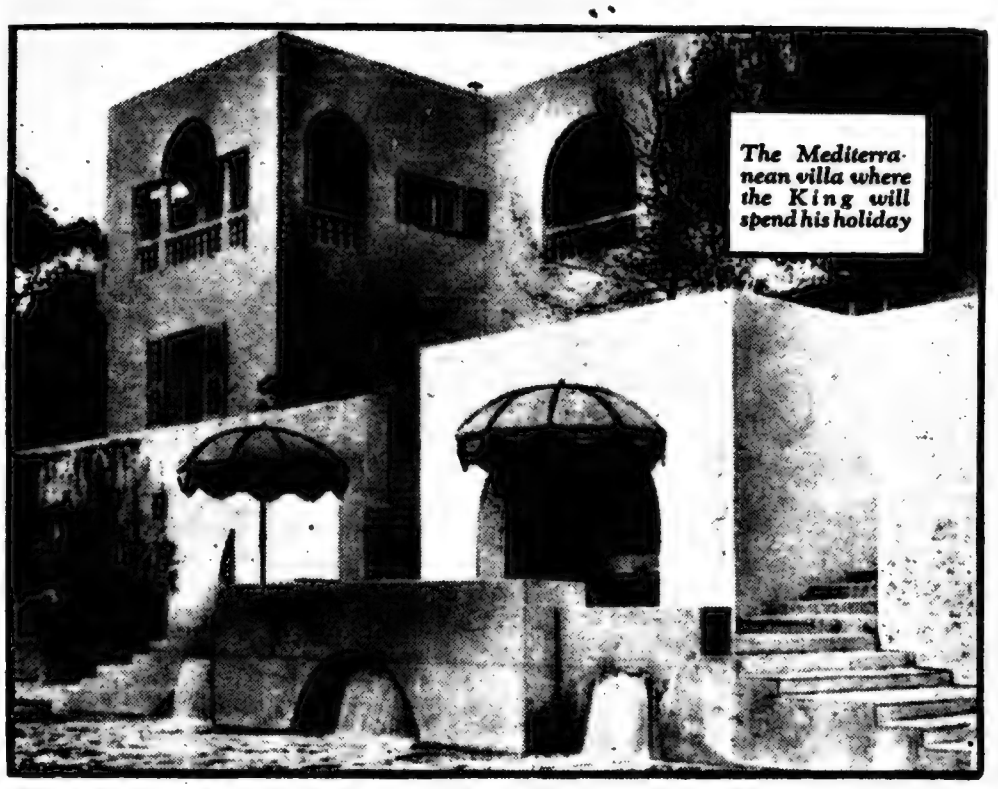
But such dreams vanish when one recalls that Mrs. Yates's admiration of the male figure is qualified by "providing it has not gone out of shape." Alas! so many have, and so many others have never managed to get into shape, so that either addition or subtraction is necessary before they would pass muster with a female ledger-clerk.

Man may swank and man may strut
To the length of any tether
If he is but fully dressed,
But he is not at his best
In the almost-altogether!

Man, though bald where hair should be,
Often is absurdly hairy,
Has of angles quite a few,
Or reveals to public view
Far too much of Little Mary!

Long he hides his grave defects,
But when summer overtakes him
And he throws off his disguise,
Suddenly we realise
Man is what his tailor makes him!

Y. Z.



The Mediterranean villa where the King will spend his holiday

The KING'S HOLIDAY

KING EDWARD'S unexpected return to London after the ceremony at Vimy Ridge is another example of His Majesty's punctilious sense of duty.

Here was a case in which he could have allowed himself some indulgence without the smallest lack of consideration towards anyone concerned. But I hear that he suddenly came to the conclusion that plans as already formed might have some semblance of leaving a job incomplete, and without hesitation or argument he altered them.

When His Majesty arranged to go straight on from Vimy to his Riviera holiday, ample provision was made for the entertainment of Canadian visitors to London on their return from Vimy. The Duke of Gloucester was to deputise for him at a Buckingham Palace garden party, and the Prime Minister was to be responsible for a reception in Westminster Hall.

In view of the historic honour done by the King to Canada at Vimy, nobody could or would have had the least sense of insufficiency if he had, as was the original intention, decided to leave it at that.

Instead, he postponed a holiday of which no man can stand in greater need in order to attend these functions in London, and send his Canadian guests back to their great Dominion with a last impression of his personal interest.

★ ★

AT the time of his accession I heard it suggested more than once that the King, with all his qualities, would find it difficult to emulate his father's untiring application to business.

In six months he has shown his people that he can take even that exacting example in his stride. A list of his engagements since he came to the throne makes an extremely formidable diary. And the King's work has not only claimed his closest attention, it has also been of a nature demanding constant exercise of wits and judgment.

Even the most responsible business man can have but little conception of what it means to be in the King's place, with the continual pressure of representative minds from every aspect of national life upon his own. The call upon his staying power must be enormous, and it can be fully realised by no one but himself.

He had been looking forward to the promised relaxation with all the natural eagerness that makes a schoolboy cross the days off his calendar.

Its postponement, even for less than a week, was more than anyone could have any right to suggest to him, and certainly nobody did suggest it. But, in order to satisfy his own scruples, the King came back to London, and the Canadians were not slow to appreciate the self-denial of his courtesy.

★ ★

ONE of the loveliest as well as one of the most secluded villas on the Mediterranean, the Chateau de l'Horizon is an ideal place for just such a holiday as the King wants.

While he can be as quiet as he likes, golf is at hand, and the villa has a magnificent bathing pool of its own.

Seventy feet by thirty, it is cut out of the natural coast rock, and is fed by fresh sea water, which, the statistically minded may like to know, flows through it at the rate of nine million gallons an hour.

It is thirty feet above sea-level, and a water-chute, with steps on either side, drops down to the Mediterranean, where there is a private landing stage for the use of motor boats. Charming terraces are provided on the sea-front for sunbathing or lounging, but I have a notion that after two or three days lounging will constitute a very small part of the King's holiday.

The villa is perfectly staffed, and in everything has been designed for comfort by Miss Maxine Elliott, the distinguished American actress from whom the King has rented it.

Miss Elliott, who is Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's sister-in-law, was anxious to do anything in the way of decoration to suit the King's taste, but His Majesty told her that he wished the place to remain just as it was when he had taken a fancy to it on a Mediterranean visit a year or two ago.

King Edward has selected for his own use a room in one of the wing towers commanding a magnificent view of the sea. Running parallel to the shore between these towers, and furnished in simple but delightful taste, is the main salon, which will be the common room of the King's house party. Inset book-shelves are liberally stocked, and the room provides the further diversions of a piano and a radio-gramophone.

★ ★

I SHALL be surprised if, when the King arrives, something in the way of a kinematograph screen does not also appear.

A dining-room, also on the ground floor, an additional small salon, a study, and ten guest rooms complete the establishment.

During his holiday the King will remain *incognito* as the Duke of Lancaster.

This, of course, does not imply any secrecy as to his whereabouts or his identity, but that for the time being he is inaccessible to any public approach other than those that will continue to be made in the ordinary way of business from Whitehall.

Everything possible has been done to make these official interruptions of his rest as light as possible, but, nevertheless, there will be a certain amount of activity all the time among the King's Messengers.

Only some unforeseen emergency would necessitate his premature return to England, in which event the Crown could, by arrangements made at a Privy Council, be put momentarily in Commission, when Queen Mary and the three Royal Dukes would act during the few hours of the King's absence.

★ ★

HIS MAJESTY has always disliked any fuss in connection with the regulation of his personal guard. On the present occasion he has, with some difficulty, persuaded the English police that the special Scotland Yard officer in attendance will meet the necessary stipulations of the case, but the French authorities were less easily convinced as to their own responsibilities.

With the King a guest in their country they naturally took a serious view of these, and His Majesty, who has a habit of seeing both sides of a question, recognised the reason in their argument.

I understand that an amiable compromise was effected.

The King's movements are not to be hampered by the French police, but he has agreed that with this provision they shall adopt whatever measures they may consider necessary for his protection.

★ ★

TWO features in the rearrangement that has just been made in the King's Household are specially notable.

The retirement of Lord Wigram from the Private Secretaryship after having been twenty-six years in the royal service will deprive Buckingham Palace of one of its most respected figures. No man could have had a more delicately difficult job, and none could have done it better. To the relative seclusion of his new post as Keeper of the King's Archives at Windsor he takes with him the esteem of the Royal Family, and the lasting affection of his younger colleagues.

And among the new appointments there is plenty of evidence that the King is calling into his personal service men as young as or even younger than himself. Everyone will be pleased by this attitude of settling down to a long task ahead.

One of the most gracious of these appointments is the new dignity conferred on the King's air pilot, Flight-Lieutenant, or as he prefers to be called, Mr. Fielden, who is now to be Captain of the King's Flight.

A very pretty designation, and one that is gallantly deserved.

★ ★

A WORKING farm woman from Dorchester in Dorset, the town well known to the King as Duke of Cornwall, writing to thank me for these articles, tells me that she is saving up to buy a cheap motor car so that she can drive up for the Coronation.

I shouldn't have supposed that that was the best way of doing it, but I certainly admire the spirit.

John Drinkwater's
Intimate Diary . .
THE KING THIS WEEK

KODAK FILM makes the picture

Ask your Kodak Dealer about Kodak 'Verichrome,' the famous double-coated Kodak Film that makes good pictures even in poor light.

They'll never forget the first time they went shrimping—it's all there in the snap before their eyes. Keep your Kodak handy on holiday and you'll find snaps like this everywhere. And you'll find them coming out best of all when you use only Kodak Film. It really does give your pictures life—because it really does get the detail and the variations of tone which turn a good subject into a first-class snap **Don't ask for 'film'—ask for 'Kodak Film.'**

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The powers of Europe must co-operate in the cause of peace. Britain is willing—

ARE WE to Perish?

—but the peril grows hourly while other nations stand aloof

by A. G. Gardiner

THIS is a week-end of tragic and tremendous memories. Twenty-two years ago the match that set Europe in flames was lighted, and the whole structure of civilisation collapsed into the furnace of war.

No one who lived through that terrific week-end and saw the terror advancing inexorably, hour by hour, upon a doomed world will forget the experience. It is scorched into our minds in memories that can never be erased.

It is well to recall those memories at this moment when the Locarno Powers are summoned to meet in circumstances only less critical than those of that week-end of 1914.

The wheel has gone full circle. The war that was to end war and make the world safe for democracy has passed into history, leaving as its record a Europe littered with the graves of its ten million dead. And eighteen years of so-called "peace" have brought us round to the point from which we started.

Now, as then, Europe stands upon the brink of incalculable disaster. Now as then, from Britain to the Urals, and from the Urals to the Sea of Japan, the nations are arming with the feverish urgency of a great fear. Now as then Germany, defeated and broken by the Great War, and resurrected by the crimes and follies of the "peace" years, is the dominant Power in Europe. Now, as then, this country is in peril of being engulfed with the rest in the whirlpool that almost sounds in our ears.

"Learn or perish" was Lord Grey's warning cry to mankind as the lesson of the last war. Plainly we have not "learned." Are we to "perish"?

Is Europe to go down once more into a welter of slaughter and destruction that will complete the ruin of the white civilisation and leave whatever future there may be for mankind to the leadership of Japan and the yellow man?

That is the question that confronts the statesmen assembled in London this week. And not them alone. It confronts the statesmen of Germany, of Italy, of Russia, of every country.

For it is the fate of Europe as a whole that is at stake. If we do not appreciate that, we are all destined for a common doom—victors and victims alike. It is idle to think that war will profit the nominal victor whoever he may be. The experience of the last war proves that. The nations of Europe must stand together or perish separately.

The negotiations now to begin are the latest desperate phase in the attempt to avert the wreck. What are the prospects of success?

The attempt has not begun too well. Neither Germany nor Italy, both of whom are signatories to the Locarno agreement, was present at the initial gathering last week. Germany was not invited, and Italy is not present because Germany is absent. Germany was not invited because, having broken the agreement by her military occupation of the Rhineland, France held her to be outside the compact.

Technically, France was right, but in the presence of the vast issues at stake she was deplorably wrong. The peace of Europe is a greater matter than the pedantries of diplomacy, and when we remember how much France and the Poincaré madness are responsible for the appalling failure of the "peace" years we are entitled to kick against this legalistic fencing.

We have kicked against it, but not hard enough. We allowed last week's one-sided gathering to be called, but we prevailed on France to treat it as simply a formal preliminary to the real negotiations which are to follow and to which Germany and Italy will be duly summoned.

IT is a bad balk at the first fence. It gives Hitler, if he wants an excuse for being recalcitrant, just the excuse he would wish.

It has been Germany's grievance throughout that ever since the war she has been treated as a helot by the victorious Powers.

And it is the source of Hitler's triumph in Germany that he has, in tennis language, broken through the French "service and put his nation on an equality with its neighbours.

Let us face accomplished facts, and that is the outstanding fact of all. Germany has broken her prison, as she was bound to break it, and we must accommodate ourselves to her equality of status.

On no other basis can there be any hope of restoring that mutual confidence which can alone bring the nations together and avert the catastrophe that looms ahead.

We may assume that everything will now be done to pave the way of Germany back to Locarno and ultimately to the League.

We may assume this, in the first place, because the Blum Ministry is as far removed from the Poincaré tradition as any French Government can be. It does sincerely desire to make peace with Germany if that can be done.

And we may assume it because the policy of this country is directed to the single end of winning that peace.

In this crucial matter Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden are above suspicion. They have set their faces steadfastly against the mobilisation of Europe into antagonistic groups of Powers.

They are neither pro-German nor anti-German; neither pro-French nor anti-French.

IN this they represent, I believe, the temper of this country. It has never approved of the Poincaré policy of imprisoning Germany behind a barbed-wire fence. The tragedy is that it did not openly repudiate that policy years ago. If it had done so the menace that overhangs Europe would never have gathered.

We want a Franco-German reconciliation. We want Germany back at Geneva. In a word, we want peace, a settled Europe, a world in which we may go about our business without the fear that at any moment Europe may burst into flames and the sky rain death upon our cities.

That is what the people of this country want. I believe it is what the people of every country want—the Germans no less than the British, the French no less than the Italians. It is unthinkable that any nation wishes to see the wheel that has gone full circle since July, 1914, sweep it again into the long-drawn agony of those years from 1914 to 1918, with the certainty that it will write the epitaph of European civilisation.

But if the wheel is to be stayed, it must be stayed now. With the frightful impetus that has been given to the competition in armaments, every day's delay brings us nearer the point of tension at which something will happen, some Serajevo shot will be fired that will plunge us all into the abyss of war together.

THAT peril grows hourly while the nations stand aloof. They must come together. They must talk as equals.

They must give and take. They must find some way of averting a calamity which no people wants and which will be equally fatal to all.

The reassembly of the Locarno Powers, we may hope, will give us a new start and a breathing-space. It should pave the way of Germany back to the counsels of Europe and the League.

And perhaps when Mr. Roosevelt is in office once more, he might summon a conference of all the nations of the earth to consider how humanity can lift the shadow that darkens its life with the threat of universal catastrophe.

Making Ends Meet

"HIS wife goes out to work." How often that is said sneeringly in these hard times by people who forget that circumstances alter cases.

"In this cotton manufacturing part of the world it often takes two people to earn one wage," writes a Preston man. Lancashire people know how true that is. "And when one of them is ill, the question of making ends meet crops up."

Well, it happened in his particular case. His wife, part bread-winner, fell ill.

Debt, or the alternative of semi-starvation: which was it to be? Such things have to be faced up to in life. Just as the little family were thinking it all out, they received the glad news that it would be neither.

It came in the form of a JOHN BULL cheque which didn't provide a mere bare solution of the problem, but, in addition, paid the doctor and supplied those little delicacies an invalid needs—and loves.

So yet another JOHN BULL reader is happy beyond description that he protected his home and family in a score of ways by signing the coupon that qualified for JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance.

By the way, that coupon appears on page 2 to-day. Sign it *now*.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Those Rows!

ONE of the most difficult arts for any human being to acquire is the art of keeping an open mind. We all like to preen ourselves on our ability to do it, but few of us really succeed.

We can all do it, certainly, over things that don't interest us or touch us nearly, but it is when our prejudices are tapped, our beliefs attacked, our mental corns trodden on, that we go to pieces.

If all our prejudices and beliefs and ideas were based on reason, we could afford to be dogmatic and assertive; but very few of them are. We believe things because it is convenient to believe them. We cling to ideas because we like them, not necessarily because we know them to be true.

We hold many an opinion we should find it hard to justify on any grounds whatever. And yet we love to pride ourselves on being able to keep an open mind and use dispassionate judgment in our dealings with affairs and men!

You cannot form a judgment that is of any worth unless you understand. And you cannot understand unless you know. The basis of all sound judgment is knowledge. The French have a proverb which says, "To know all is to forgive all." You can't, in other words, be ignorant and keep an open mind. Ignorance is the father of prejudice.

We are all so terribly apt not to judge, but to pre-judge, to jump ahead of facts and form opinions without sufficient grounds for them. That wouldn't matter if we were willing to revise our opinions when fresh facts were brought to our notice; but most of us, having formed an opinion, seem to regard it as something sacred. We become dogmatic about it. We get offended if someone dares to question our wisdom.

That's how nearly all rows start—two people who only think they know fighting ignorance with ignorance. If each would really listen, and really keep an open mind, they would soon get that little bit of extra knowledge that would enable them to test their beliefs by the only possible test—facts.

The secret of keeping an open mind is to be willing to revise opinion by facts, and to know truth when you see it.

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PRINTING (Every description, lowest prices). Books, Mags., Catlgs., Schedules, Dup. books, Stationery. Samples 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, Memos, size 8 x 5, 100 1/6, 200 2/6. Handbills, Posters, Samps. free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

COVER Your Floors with Tiletex or Paroleum. Ideal for stone, concrete or wood floors. Absolutely waterproof. Lies flat without fastening. Send for Free Samples to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

FREE.—Special catalogue of Drage's fine furniture — real bargains in Dining-room, drawing and bedroom suites. Together with this folder will come a special book, "You and Your Home," which will solve all your furnishing troubles. Drage's terms and services—Fifty Pay-Way terms and no deposit for approved accounts. —Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Drages, 73/77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POULTRY KEEPING.

MAKING POULTRY PAY. — Cash in on Poultry Profits by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1936. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. All you need do is to send 2/6 to "THE FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

Spending a week-end at Ann's, Sara met Ann's dentist brother, Derek. "Don't let him bore you with shop," admonished Ann. But Sara was like any other pretty girl!

"Do tell me," she urged "What should I clean my teeth with?" "I always use Gibbs Dentifrice," Derek replied. "Gibbs is antiseptic, doesn't scratch, and does clean thoroughly."

Sara bought some Gibbs—with delightful results to her teeth! Running into her in Regent Street, Derek thought, "I'll suggest Ann asks her to join our yachting party!"

It was glorious! And on the last evening Derek proposed. "It's love at second sight," he said. "I can't think why not first!" But Sara knew! "I wasn't using Gibbs then" she thought.

The antiseptic foam from Gibbs Dentifrice reaches every crevice of teeth and mouth. Gibbs cleanses thoroughly; polishes safely, revealing the beauty of unblemished enamel, and keeps gums firm and mouth toned up and refreshed. Dentists themselves use and recommend Gibbs—they know its formula and pronounce it ideal. Change to Gibbs today

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS: SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d. 1/- 1/6. Refills 11d. TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GD119L

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

WALLPAPER MAKERS stock at half-prices, from 1½d. roll. Hundreds of Designs, Patterns Free.—Bruce & Hall (J.1), South Shields.

LADIES! For good Watches and Fine Jewellery send to H. Samuel, Ltd. An example of this noted firm's value is shown in advert. top of page 31.

BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 78-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on aporo. (Cash or Terms).—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GARDENING.

FOR BIGGER and BETTER Chrysanthemums and Dahlias FEED NOW WITH SANGRAL—the 10-day fertiliser. Sold everywhere, 6d. packets, 1/6, 3/- and 5/- tins.

RID YOUR Garden of Weeds. Follow the advice given in the advert. on page 31.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia. Does not affect heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c., CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, etc., Sufferers should get my FREE book, "The Conquest of Fear," describing a genuine cure. Sent with £1,000 guarantee, privately, post free.—H. J. Rivers (J.B.22), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

SPECIAL free sample offer to indigestion sufferers. Send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address and receive a generous free supply of CICFA, the well-known remedy for all digestive complaints. So confident are the proprietors of the efficacy of this remedy that they invite every reader of *John Bull* to accept this free sample offer. Address: The Cicfa Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 39, King George's Avenue, Watford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? Send for free guide and full particulars.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to R. W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

A FREE trial supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures, is offered to readers who send 1½d. in stamps to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. 31V), 10, Chitty St., London, W.1.

IT is always easy to take good snaps if you make certain of putting in a spool of Kodak Film. If you want the happiest results, faithful tone values, minute detail and every subtle difference of light and shade, always use Kodak, the film that makes the picture. See page 12.

FREE sample tube of Odol Tooth Paste. Fill in the coupon on page 25, on which also appears details of an interesting competition in which £5 cash and 20 other prizes are being awarded every week for "Sunny Snaps."

FOR hair-smartness and hair-health, use Field's Solid Brilliantine. A full-size tin costs only 3d. Regular use relieves dry scalp and dandruff. See page 28.

GIVE your kiddies Kellogg Rice Krispies. They are easily digested and wholly nourishing. These toasted rice bubbles are delicious with cold milk or cream. No cooking is required. Sold by all Grocers at 7½d. per packet. See page 23.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 29.

A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1, and a free catalogue, full of bargains, which can be obtained on easy payment terms, will come by return.

AN easy way of cleaning false teeth—restore them with Bertram's dual-action Dental Paste. If difficulty in obtaining at Boots or other chemists, send stamps or P.O. value 6d., or 1/3 direct to Gaskell, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 273-287, Regent Street, W.1.

FREE.—Heath and Heather offer a free copy of their famous Book of Herbs, which has meant new health to hundreds of thousands.—Write, Heath & Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 114), St. Albans.

FREE. — Wonderful new cookery book—crammed full of cookery wisdom—how to make ordinary dishes better! Send for your free copy now! Write to Van den Bergh and Jurgens (Sales), Ltd., Dept. M.59, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this sample offer of Four Square Tobacco! If you've never tried the delightful blends of these cool and mellow tobaccos, you can obtain samples which include Empire Mixture, Cut Cake, Curlies, Original Mixture, etc., for only 1/-, if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing remittance, to Dept. J.B.10, Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

A FREE 7-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of shaving, is offered to readers who simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 228), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing. See p. 30.

FREE.—Special sample of Bob Martin's Dog Powders and copy of the Dog Book. All dog lovers should accept this free offer now! Simply write, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin, Ltd., 43, Union Street, Southport, Lancs. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

A WONDERFUL free Cookery Book. This new standard reference book, containing 120 good "family recipes," is yours free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The British Commercial Gas Association (Dept. 9), 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, for a copy. Every housewife and cook should get this valuable reference book for all favourite dishes, with the easiest and best way of doing them.

A FREE gift for your kiddies. There's lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider, which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat, accept this unique offer now! Use the coupon on p. 20.

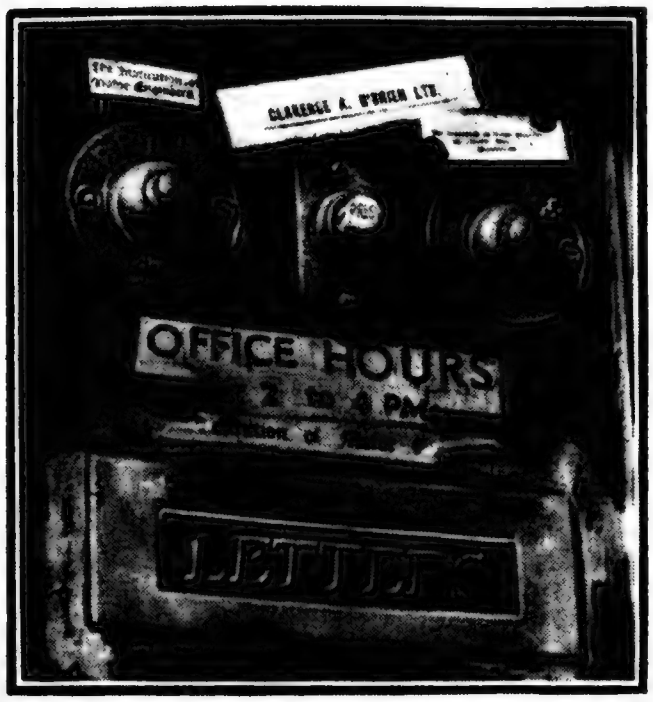
FREE films for amateur photographers! If you have your snaps printed and developed the "Vita" way, you can get your films free. You merely pay for developing and printing of your exposed films at normal prices and receive a steady exchange of new films for old without cost. Fill in the coupon on page 21 for your free spool. Enclose 3d. for postage.

"BABY"—and all about him. Helpful book available to our readers. It is a wise mother, even in these enlightened days, who knows the answer to EVERY problem in baby's life: and a book that provides all the answers is one that every young mother will welcome. "Baby," a simply written book of wise, reliable advice, deals fully with all those wants and worries that must from time to time arise in a baby's life. It begins right at the beginning and guides the reader through all the major and minor difficulties and anxieties that can lie between first motherhood and baby's second birthday. Quiet nights and contented days—alike for mother and baby—should be the rule rather than the exception when guidance as sound as this book contains is followed: for the mother who turns to "Baby" for advice can feel that the burden of baby's utter dependence on her is one she is really capable of shouldering. Sound rules for keeping baby happy and healthy —explanation of symptoms that need to be noticed—simple, safe ways of dealing with any ailment that intervenes—all can be found in "Baby," a book we heartily recommend. It is available, free, to all readers of this paper sending a postcard to Nestlé's, Dept. B.E. 18, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

NAIL BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately, for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

"DUD" DEGREES for DRIVERS

GREAT Motoring HOAX



Rough slips of paper mark the Institution's unpretentious "headquarters"

PITY the Government for the new attack which is to be made. The point of assault is to be the over-burdened Ministry of Transport. Mr. Hore-Belisha, chief of the Department, must take thought as to his welfare.

For at least a million motorists are being called to unite—making their voices heard and power felt—in an agitation to right the wrongs of the road.

Responsible for this movement of a million is the Institution of Motor Engineers, of London and Nottingham.

Lately, garage proprietors, motor agents and dealers have received by post a letter from the Institution headed "National Motorists' Protest."

Among the statements made in that letter are the following: "The Roads Committee of this Institution has viewed with grave concern the onslaught on the freedom of the motorist; annual diversion of the Road Fund; the imposition of crushing taxation both direct and indirect; the burden of ever-increasing insurance premiums; also the ceaseless output of motor restrictions with their attendant legal pains and penalties.

Restriction

"It is thoroughly un-English to compel the motorists to contribute to the Road Fund without 'delivering the goods.'

"Various organisations having previously made feeble resistance, it is felt that a determined stand must be made before the Motor Trade—the Fourth Industry of the Country—has to adopt a 'Rationing Scheme.' The absence of a new road system must ultimately lead to Government Restriction of Manufacturers' Output, or a Rationing Scheme for Road Users.

"The time to complain is now, before the inevitable happens, and we are seeking 1,000,000 signatures to this protest which will be presented to the Government Department concerned."

All members of the motor industry are asked to assist the Institution of Motor Engineers in its giant protest endeavour; to display, free of charge, advertising posters—on which the name of the Institution of Motor Engineers is prominent—and to secure signatures from their customers.

Excellent propaganda, of course, for the Institution of Motor Engineers.

When any professional or trade organisation embarks on such widespread endeavour, it is only right and proper that the standing and antecedents of the sponsors should be examined.

Consequently we have made careful enquiry regarding the Institution of Motor Engineers. The results are not calculated to inspired confidence.

For we can state that the so-called Institution has no substantial backing of any kind.

It is a concern which exists to obtain fee-paying members. The "National Motorists' Protest" is just a device to attract attention to the Institution in the hope that increased membership will result.

Apparently the Institution boasts two offices: one in Eastbourne Terrace, London, a road of private hotels and lodging houses adjoining Paddington Station; and the other in Holland Street, Goose Gate, Nottingham.

Now, Eastbourne Terrace is not exactly the quarter where an ambitious and influential professional institution might be expected to find a home.

Perhaps that is why on the official documents of the Institution the address is reproduced as "Eastbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2."

Actually the office here consists of one room with a young woman in charge. This girl, when questioned recently, could not give the name of the secretary to the Institution.

Indeed, the secretary is difficult to interview. On occasions callers seeking him have been met by an elderly woman, who describes herself as being the caretaker.

Curiously enough, neither the name of the secretary nor the names of any other officials are given on the letter paper or other documents of the Institution of Motor Engineers. The cloak of anonymity is over all.

No Institution plate is on the door of the house in Eastbourne Terrace, but simply three rough slips of paper bear the titles: "The Institution of Motor Engineers"; "The Institute of Radio Engineers"; and "Clarence A. O'Brien, Ltd., Printers and Publishers."

In Nottingham the office is even less impressive. It is situated in a street of a slum area scheduled for demolition and improvement by the Nottingham City Council.

Degrees for sale

A circular issued from the office in Eastbourne Terrace, Paddington, indicates that the Institution boasts several grades of membership, ranging from "Student" to "Fellow," with such intermediates as "Graduate" and "Associate."

There is also a "Companion" class, a "degree" which "shall be conferred only upon such persons as shall hold a position in the engineering industry whose qualifications do not entitle them to admission to the Corporate Membership, and whose inventions, services and researches are worthy of recognition in the opinion of the Council."

Each grade of membership carries with it the payment of entrance fees and annual subscription. A Fellow, for example, is required to part with three guineas for entrance money and three guineas for subscription.

"Admission to the Institution"—we quote from the official circular—"is open to all persons engaged in the practice of any specified branch of engineering, in any executive capacity for an approved period of time, and who comply with the conditions of election.

"On admission to the Institution, members are entitled to the use of the following degrees according to election: "Fellow: F.Inst.M.E.; Associate member, A.M.Inst.M.E.; Associate: A.Inst.M.E.; Member: M.Inst.M.E.; Companion: C.Inst.M.E.; Graduate: Grad.Inst.M.E."

Just a sham

Which really means that, if you are foolish enough, you pay your money and obtain your degree—for what it is worth.

In its anxiety to obtain a respectable membership rôle the Institution has been inviting garage proprietors to join, writing to the effect that "Your qualifications have been vouched for by a prominent member of the Institution."

There is frequent reference to the "Council of the Institution" in the literature distributed. But there is no Council in the accepted sense of that word, neither is there any "Road Committee," the supposed body which signs the "National Motorists' Protest" letters.

Indeed, the whole Institution of Motor Engineers is just a sham.

Actually, the Institution is owned by a small private company calling itself the Guild of Incorporated Motor Engineers, Ltd.

The persons behind this guild are three men named Hugh D. Thornton and Charles Hodges, both of Nottingham, and Robert Gorman, who has had addresses at Nelson, Lancashire, Sydenham, London, and now Eastbourne Terrace.

Records at Somerset House show that Thornton and Gorman are also the principals in the Institute of Radio Engineers, and also in "Clarence A. O'Brien, Ltd.," the firm which does the printing for the Institution of Motor Engineers.

The Institute of Radio Engineers, like its stable companion, the Inst.M.E., exists for—among other purposes—"the setting of tests and examinations and the granting of diplomas and other awards."

Ridiculous

None of the men connected with these strange ventures is known by reputation or record in the great motor and radio industries.

We suggest with emphasis that members of the motor and wireless trade should be on their guard against both Institution and Institute. Fees paid to either would be money thrown away, for the two concerns are just ridiculous.

And for Thornton and Gorman to organise a National Motorists' Protest is frankly impertinent.

"DISAPPEARING DUCHESS" Found

SO it is good-bye, for the time being, to the "Disappearing Duchess," most indefatigable of woman crooks.

For we are able to reveal that this swindler of medical men and substantial householders in all parts of the country has been caught at last by the police and properly punished with twelve months' imprisonment for her latest series of offences.

The real name of the woman is plain Emily Martin, although she was sentenced as Margaret Collins, and had called herself on occasions Blanche Ralph, Edith Maud Wood, Edith Florence Edwards, Rose Adams and Edith King.

But for her real operations of fraud she always adopted a title "Lady This or That," and frequently the "Duchess of Something." Indeed, she ran through Debrett with impartiality.

So clever was she usually in getting away after making her haul that she became known to detectives as the "Disappearing Duchess."

There were three classes that the "duchess" made her victims: medical men, wealthy people who advertise for housekeepers, and—but only as minor chances—women who have advertised for superior domestic posts as companions or governesses.

With the doctors Emily Martin would telephone, giving a well-known title, and saying that her daughter needed special treatment. She would add that her secretary would be calling during the day to make the necessary arrangements for the daughter to be admitted into a nursing home recommended by the doctor.

* * *

In due course the secretary would arrive and at the end of the interview the secretary would discover, to her horror, that she had left her bag and money in a taxi-cab and was without funds. Then she would borrow from the doctor as much as she could, giving a receipt for the loan in the name of her titled employer.

Exactly the same sort of procedure was followed with householders advertising for servants, or with persons advertising for posts. There would be a telephone call in a titled name, afterwards a visit from the woman, posing as a recommended servant or as the secretary of a possible employer. Always at the end a story of lost money and a successful borrowing.

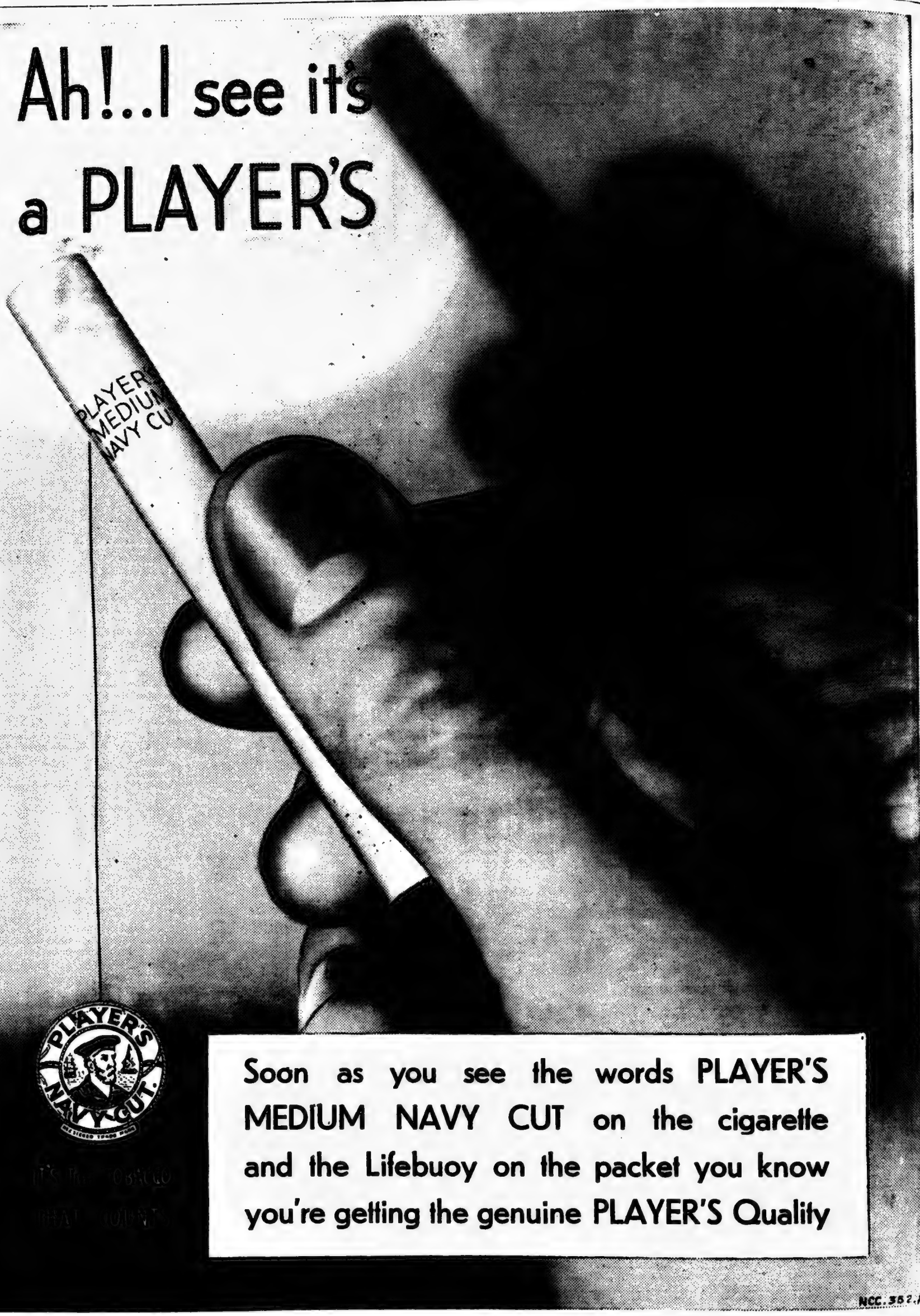
In Martin's recent series of obtaining money by fraud she used the names of "Lady Arbuthnot, of Cedar House, Haslemere"; "Lady Hamilton, of 'Woodcote,' near Woking," and "Col. Sir Frederick Holmes, of The White House, Woking."

When she was caught by detectives in South London, Emily Martin was "wanted" in no fewer than seven different areas of the Metropolitan Police for more than twenty separate offences.

This dangerous woman has been convicted many times, including sentences at Reigate, Surrey, Southend-on-Sea, and in a number of London districts.

She is elderly, well-educated, and was, in her earlier days, a successful dressmaker.

Ah!...I see it's a PLAYER'S



Soon as you see the words PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT on the cigarette and the Lifebuoy on the packet you know you're getting the genuine PLAYER'S Quality

NCC. 362.A

Sinister HEALER Exposed

OLD QUACK IN A NEW GUISE

SOMETHING entirely new in the practice of medical quackery has been adopted by a self-claimed "Healer," who is now operating in South London.

It is the confidential, personal-letter method of approaching prospective patients.

Recently many people living in the south-west suburbs have received an extraordinary communication. It is sent from Foxley Lane, Purley, and reads:

"I would kindly bring to your notice that Mr. Anderton-Hulme has taken up residence at the above address.

"Being a Doctor of Psychology, Homœopath, etc., he is able to help so many people suffering from nervous troubles and fears which seem to be common in these days.

Free advice

"Mr. Hulme wishes the writer to send you a warm welcome to his home, first to make your acquaintance and also for interesting discussions (private, of course) on subjects of health, diet and other most helpful talks.

"Advice on all matters is free.

"I should like to add that Mr. Hulme has been most successful in curing such cases as cancer, creeping paralysis, asthma, etc., and that it gives him the greatest pleasure to help any sufferer who may come to him.

"Will you kindly reply direct to Mr. Anderton-Hulme if you would care to have an interview."

This letter is signed "F. Anderton-Hulme, p.p A.R.D."

So we have installed at Purley, Surrey, an unqualified medical practitioner who makes the dangerous pretence that he can treat and cure all manner of maladies, even to cancer.

It is plain that Anderton-Hulme is desperately eager to acquire paying patients. The experience of a reader of John Bull emphasises this fact.

Having received the first communication on behalf of the "Healer," our correspondent wrote back asking for further particulars as to the capabilities of Anderton-Hulme.

There followed immediately a personal visit from that man, and another letter in which he said:

"I have only recently come to Purley from the south and south-west, and to be asked to give details of my methods and testimonials is rather a tall order.

"As a matter of fact, I have never asked for a testimonial from a patient, and I have helped all, and, with the exception of a few cases, cured all.

"I am a doctor of psychology, but *not a medical man*, with a wide knowledge of applied and curative psychological methods."

Fees charged by Anderton-Hulme range from half a guinea for a consulting-room conversation to anything he thinks a patient may be foolish enough to pay.

The house he occupies at Foxley Lane, Purley, stands in its own grounds. Here Anderton-Hulme sits at the receipt of custom, talking his ridiculous jargon to the credulous.

He maintains that he is able to treat and cure diseases by influences which "I am able to invoke from the 'other side,'" whatever that may mean.

A pamphlet

Those who go to him are supplied with a pamphlet, headed "The Healer." In this he quotes three verses from a religious poem by Whittier on the divine healing of Christ. Coupling himself with "That Good Physician," he declares:

"Some sixty years ago, when a small boy about four years of age, my dear mother (who was wise in her generation) took me to a gifted seer.

"Laying his hands upon my head, the gifted man said to my mother, 'Yes, there is no mistake, when this boy grows up you must make a doctor of him. He is a natural doctor, a born healer, and has the gift of healing.'

"Now, dear reader, you understand why I am doing this special work.

"Many years passed before the call came to me to take up the work, but one memorable never-to-be-forgotten day a most glorious vision was given and the command gently and kindly spoken: 'It is the dawn of a new life, turn not to the right or the left, but go straight on, you will be shown the way.'

"So, dear reader, you know why I am doing this particular work. You may not need help yourself, but you may know many who are sick and afflicted in mind and body.

"Kindly help them by bringing them along to me, or it will be my happiness to visit them wherever possible, and with full co-operation between patient and healer they will be greatly helped and in many cases healed."

And for a minimum fee of half a guinea Anderton-Hulme will evoke his powers.

There is, of course, nothing whatever to substantiate the claims put forward by this preposterous quack.

From our records we find that he was previously operating at Eastbourne, and before that in Devonshire.

F. Anderton-Hulme. He claims to be a born healer

His diploma

At an earlier stage he was a "consultant" in London, with rooms in Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.

At that time he affected most impressive visiting cards, which described him in the following terms: "Mr. F. Anderton-Hulme, Etheric and Mental Healer, Psychologist, Psycho-therapist, Dietician and Medical Botanist."

To-day he is content to describe himself on his printed matter as a simple "Ps.D." This no doubt refers to a degree obtained by him in 1931 from an American college, for a framed diploma hangs in his consulting room.

It is issued, presumably, to postal students in any part of the world by an institution which rejoices in the name of "The College of Divine Metaphysics," and runs:

"By these presents know all men that Frank Anderton-Hulme has sat and honourably completed a course of study and training in the College of Divine Metaphysics.

"We the Board of Trustees do hereby issue this Diploma in accordance with the Articles of Incorporation under and by authority of the State of Indianopolis, and confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Psychology."

Spirit interviews

In his earlier professional career he maintained that he was "in spirit contact" with no fewer than nine doctors who had "passed over."

These medical men—according to Anderton-Hulme—were confiding their skill and knowledge to him in spirit interviews.

What happened, apparently, was that when a patient had unfolded his symptoms to Mr. Anderton-Hulme, the latter communed with the spirits of the nine departed doctors who carried out the diagnosis and directed Hulme as to the best course of treatment to adopt.

From this accumulation of experience he was able to deal with patients, diagnose their ailments, and determine a suitable course of treatment.

He did not explain why it was necessary for nine doctors to combine in this unusual way, but perhaps patients were to suppose that there was "safety in numbers."

During this stage of his career he laid particular stress on being a mental healer, and avowed that he could cure 75 per cent. of the inmates of mental hospitals.

John Bull exposed him then, and curtailed his activities. The same purpose may be served by this article now that he has suddenly blossomed forth in new guise as a "preordained" healer.

MORE *Remand Home* HORRORS

ANY who may still be incredulous concerning the foul conditions we have revealed in so many remand homes for children should read the report made the other day by Mrs. Marion Coates-Hansen, J.P., to her local education committee, following a visit paid to an institution at Middlesbrough.

Mrs. Coates-Hansen confirms what we ourselves have so often condemned: dark and dingy accommodation, bad ventilation, the gloomy severity of an institution relic of the days of Oliver Twist.

* * *

At the children's remand home at Middlesbrough this woman magistrate found seven young lads varying in age from eleven years to under sixteen locked in a room at the top of a gaunt dwelling-house.

Walls painted a depressing green from floor to ceiling; windows that could only be partially opened; blankets in bits and pieces; rooms almost void of furniture but for a solitary table; bed linen that cannot be kept clean.

The children on remand awaiting trial at Middlesbrough take their meals in a cellar. They are clad in old clothing after the manner of children who in former days found themselves in the workhouse. "Worn-out shirts and trousers."

Conditions sufficiently shocking for sturdy youngsters whose spirit of adventure has led them astray, but even more deplorable for the eighth inmate, the only girl in the "home."

She was a moral offender, a growing girl requiring expert guidance and training, who should be kept apart from other young people.

It is easy to imagine her mental sufferings, cooped up in a cheerless room, facing long, vacant hours of captivity, uncertain as to her ultimate fate.

Whatever her lapses—at the age of fifteen years—this remand home was surely no place for her.

We are not astonished that Mrs. Coates-Hansen thought the conditions "ghastly." Some weeks ago, commenting on such remand homes at Colliers Wood, in the suburbs of London, and at Cardiff, we recommended an early investigation.

It is our mission to tell the truth about things as we find them, and it is encouraging to find that a public-spirited woman has also taken up the cudgels on behalf of the unfortunate little souls who find themselves on "remand."

* * *

One result of the efforts made by Mrs. Coates-Hansen is that the Middlesbrough authorities are taking steps to have their remand home properly inspected, and it is possible that new premises will be erected in the not-far-distant future.

Similar reforms are needed in many parts of the country, and we look forward to the day when "children behind bars" will be as remotely historical as children being hanged for petty misdemeanours.

I Saw For Myself

By a 'JOHN BULL' INVESTIGATOR

YES, WE HAVE

"BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER." . . .

These were the words staring at me in big type at the top of the Admiralty's Press publicity, announcement of Navy Week, which is next week.

I opened my eyes. "Bigger and Better than Ever!" Only a few days before I had read Sir Samuel Hoare's bit of naval publicity in the House of Commons. And it didn't strike the same note at all.

Far from being "Bigger and Better," the Navy, according to Sir Samuel, was "in vital need of reconstruction." Within six weeks, if we relied on it, we would be dead of starvation. What we had to do was "to build what would virtually amount to a new fleet."

And had not Mr. Baldwin described it as "obsolete, only three of its capital ships post-war, its cruisers out of date as regards modern requirements"?

Why show off?

I thought: If the Navy is such an antiquated and inadequate affair, why exhibit it and make a song about it? Can it be that it is good enough for show, but not for work? Can it be . . .?

"I'll look into this," I said, knowing that thousands of people who visit the battleships and cruisers, destroyers, submarines, aircraft carriers—the sea power of Britain—at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham next week will also be wondering.

And so I asked a naval expert to make the journey with me. And here we both are, on the harbour at Portsmouth, listening to a naval guide telling us where to see the world's biggest warship, the world's most powerful warship, the world's deadliest naval guns, and much else besides, and wondering how such monsters came to escape the attention of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Yes, here we are with an ordinary Jack Tar telling us in a voice that shakes with excitement that the battleship *Nelson* is in, and pointing out her mast-head with a finger that fairly trembles with pride and excitement as he says hoarsely: "Go and look at her, sir. Just look, that's all. Straight back from frightening old Musso, and no wonder. . . . Blimey, what a ship!"

What a ship, indeed! "Strongest armament of any ship afloat," says the notes furnished to me by the Admiralty. "Well protected against guns, torpedoes, mines and bombs. Can steam great distances without refuelling. A great advance. . . ."

But my eyes are not for printed words, even such proud words as those. Nor do they dwell for more than a second on the pageantry on board, as Royal Marines line up for inspection by the Admiral.

I am looking at the huge, smooth, bluey-grey hull, and deciding that it is just about ten times as impressive as the *Queen Mary*, which I saw only a few weeks ago; the monster guns, the mightiest afloat, their nine cavernous mouths yawning in the direction of Portsmouth as if intending to devour the town, as indeed they could.

Says a naval officer on my left: "She could sink the whole Italian fleet in half an hour."

Leviathan

In half an hour? It would be one shell, one ship, I decide to myself, realising without waiting for my expert to tell me that with her range of about twenty miles she could pound any other ship in the world to bits, apart from her sister-ship *Rodney*, without getting within range of the other's guns.

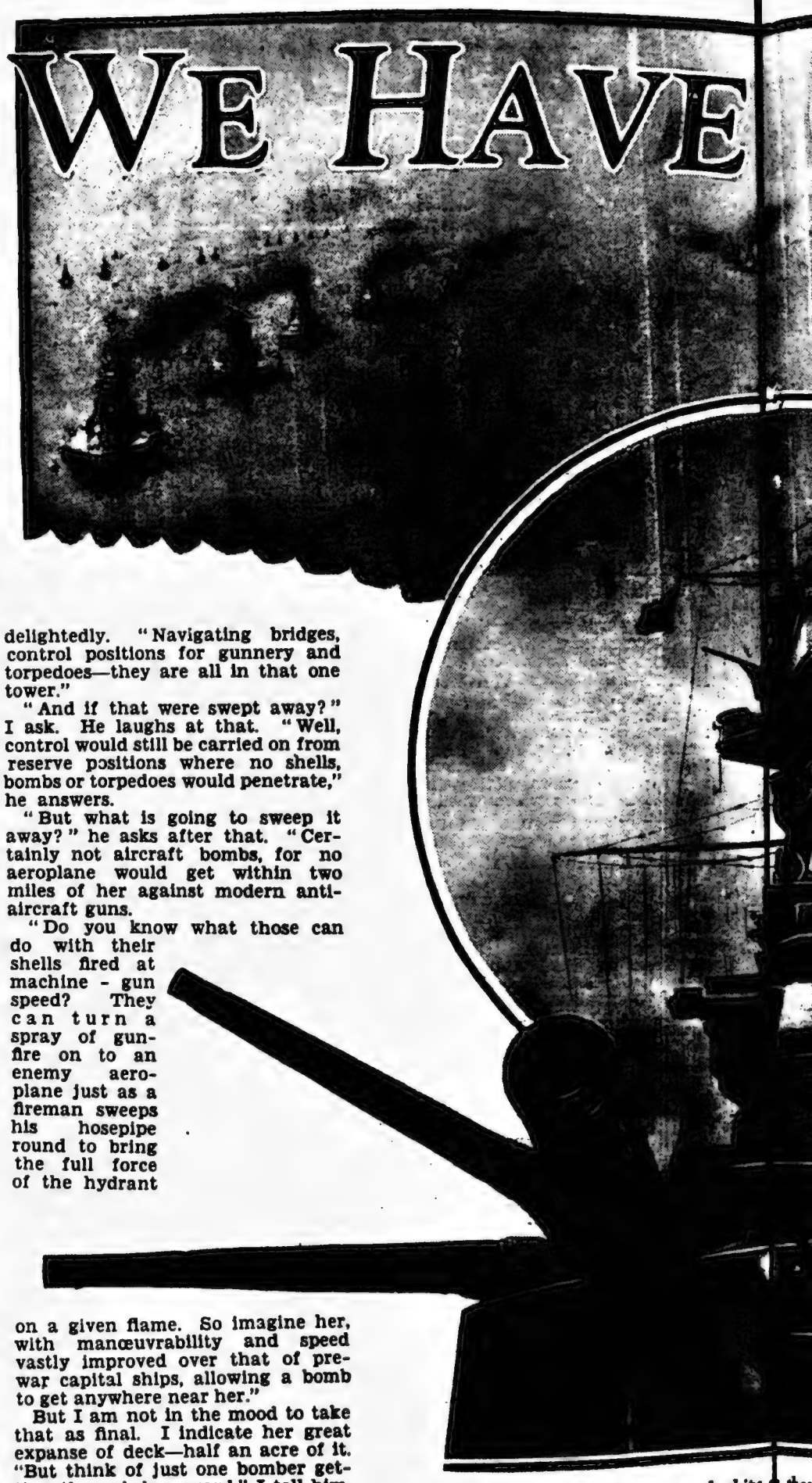
My eyes feast on the terrifying beauty of the long, low-built leviathan. But beauty does not impress my friend, the expert. He is rapturous, too—but over more important things.

"Notice how all the superstructure is concentrated in one spot," he says delightedly. "Navigating bridges, control positions for gunnery and torpedoes—they are all in that one tower."

"And if that were swept away?" I ask. He laughs at that. "Well, control would still be carried on from reserve positions where no shells, bombs or torpedoes would penetrate," he answers.

"But what is going to sweep it away?" he asks after that. "Certainly not aircraft bombs, for no aeroplane would get within two miles of her against modern anti-aircraft guns.

"Do you know what those can do with their shells fired at machine-gun speed? They can turn a spray of gunfire on to an enemy aeroplane just as a fireman sweeps his hosepipe round to bring the full force of the hydrant on a given flame. So imagine her, with manœuvrability and speed vastly improved over that of pre-war capital ships, allowing a bomb to get anywhere near her."



The world has no such ships as these Britain's three

Nothing inefficient about the "Hood," or its crew, or its methods of dealing with the latest kinds of attack

But I am not in the mood to take that as final. I indicate her great expanse of deck—half an acre of it. "But think of just one bomber getting through her guard," I tell him. "One big bomb dropped plumb on that deck—say just over the powder magazines." Whereat he rubs his hands.

"Do you know," he booms, finding the voice in which he used to issue naval orders, "that the Admiralty is quite satisfied that that ship is invulnerable to air attack? That its decks are so heavily armoured that no bomb would get through? Scarcely feasible, do you say; well, listen to this:

Invulnerable

"There was a ship at Jutland called H.M.S. *Marlborough*. She was hit by a torpedo, but she still managed to keep up the fight at 17 knots, although she had a list of 7 degrees. In fact, she dodged seven other torpedoes, and managed to account for two German ships after she had been hit.

"Well, the Admiralty did certain things to the battleship *Marlborough* five years ago—hush-hush things that they have done to *Nelson*. Then they tried to sink her with the biggest and most powerful aerial bombs and torpedoes.

"For 48 hours they rained them on her—and remember that she was absolutely at their mercy, and they could drop their bombs on her when they liked. And she resisted all their efforts.

"They have tried with other ships. They have even exploded monster charges in contact with their keels, in imitation of bombs that just miss and explode alongside. In the end, our ships have had to finish off their condemned sisters with gunfire."

E GOT A NAVY!

A Mad Scare Exploded

hips of these. The mighty guns of the "Hood," one of Britain's three super-battleships

know are the details of the system employed in the British Navy. But take it from me that the Royal Navy is no longer afraid of the submarine. It has no need to be."

But our tour must go on. Reluctantly, we turn away from this 35,000 tons of Naval Might—at £220 a ton!—and there, at last, is *Hood* before us.

The only three

"Built by the same firm that built the *Queen Mary*," says the material supplied to me by the Admiralty. "But the *Queen Mary* will have to go faster before she can look astern at *Hood*. Eight 15-inch guns, each weighing 100 tons. Range 17 miles. . . ."

But more interesting again is my expert friend.

"Nearly everything I said of *Nelson* can be said of this ship, too," he says. "And of *Nelson's* sister ship *Rodney*, which is at Plymouth, I believe, for Navy Week. But there's one thing I want to say regarding all three of them.

"These three ships are the only three capital ships of modern design in the world, whatever people may say to decry our Fleet. We have been the only Power to build super-battleships for fourteen years. America has two of war-time design, but they do not incorporate in their build experience gained during the war, as do *Nelson*, *Rodney* and *Hood* alone of the great warships of the world.

"In other words, when Mr. Baldwin said in his Our Obsolete Navy speech that we only had three capital ships to-day that are of post-war design, he might just as well have said that there are only three such ships in the world, and that Britain has them all."

My expert runs a searching eye along the deck of *Hood*. "Yes, she'd be almost as good as *Nelson* in battle," he says. "Better, I think, in attacking aircraft.

"Look at her four long-range anti-aircraft guns. Then she has many anti-aircraft automatics for dealing with bombers. Certainly the pilot who picked on her would be asking for trouble.

"And look at her lines . . . the fastest armoured warship in the world, without a doubt. Why, she could dodge bombs like a motor boat, the only difference being that a motor boat wouldn't be able to make sure that the aircraft got the worst of it."

Here is the aircraft-carrier *Courageous*, now. Like a huge floating table, she looks, with hangars for her aeroplanes under her vast flat top. Only a ridiculous-looking peep of funnel betrays that she is a ship that can keep pace with the fleet.

"We have more aircraft-carriers than anybody," comments my expert. "And they're the best."

Incidentally, the public is to see an air attack on *Courageous* every day during Navy Week. Bombs, of a harmless kind, of course, will rain down on her. And *Courageous* will reply, bringing down one of the twelve bombers engaged, "in flames."

Good, thrilling mimic warfare, of course, but don't judge too much from it. *Courageous* will put up with liberties she wouldn't tolerate in real warfare.

"In any case," says my expert with a knowing wink, "we have got special anti-aircraft vessels that would join in the fray in case of a real fight. We are the only navy in the world to have them. Each one is capable of subjecting aircraft to a more withering fire than a whole squadron of cruisers."

And now the submarines. . . . If the range and efficiency of the German U-boats surprised us in the Great War, we admit the superiority of no other Power now in the matter of under-water craft. With crews of from 100 to 150 they are like floating destroyers. And as to that German submarine that staggered the world by crossing the Atlantic during the war, why, ours can remain at sea for several weeks at a time, independent of everybody and everything.

One of them is going to fight a Q-boat during Navy Week. "A war-time reproduction, I expect," says my companion. "The modern British submarine would take a lot of hitting—and a lot of sinking."

And here is one of our newest cruisers, *Neptune*, a real greyhound of the sea, like all modern cruisers. She can speed on a mission quicker than any of our pre-war cruisers, and do far more damage when she gets there. Also, she can launch her own aircraft.

Good as new

Before the Boer War there was built another *Neptune*, which, owing to some error, had its funnels put in sideways, so that when it was at sea in bad weather its wardroom was washed out regularly. I am told that story quite racily in the official notes I was given.

That comic-opera vessel was *kept* in service at a time when, according to people who run down the Fleet of to-day, the Navy *was* the Navy. Cabinet Ministers didn't condemn it as obsolete and inefficient in those piping times.

Anyhow, there isn't a single bolt put in wrongly in the new *Neptune*. Nor in any of the many we have built since the war. Nor in the *Aurora*, which we see rising on the stocks, and which is going to be better than all the cruisers built yester-year, as the ships of the King's Navee always are.

And, anyhow, as my expert says about the *Warspite*, a ship of the *Queen Elizabeth* class that has been modernised at a cost of £442,000, and which is on show with the best and newest of 'em at Portsmouth, "even our old ships are kept bang up to date nowadays."

For instance, we have spent £490,000 reconditioning *Repulse*; £312,000 on *Royal Oak*; £170,000 on *Ramilies*. Some of them would be little affected by explosions or impacts that would have sent them to the bottom a few years ago, when they were first put in commission.

It is these that politicians refer to, apparently, when they refer to the old crocks. But the Royal Navy just smiles. It *knows*.

Not that any of our ships are really old. Any other country in the world would call the oldest of them fairly new.

Effingham, for instance, a cruiser built in 1921, which I see on show here. She is in the Reserve Fleet, "with a number of old cruisers, destroyers and other auxiliary craft," according to the official notes with which I was supplied.

Sea hornets

Yet all Italy's four battleships were built *before* the war. And Japan—at the mention of whose fleet everybody is supposed to tremble, although half of her navy will be twenty years old and therefore obsolete by the end of this year—has never treated herself to a new capital ship since the *Mutsu*, laid down in 1918.

So much for the "old crocks" that I saw for myself at Portsmouth. "There are navies that would run away from 'em," said my bluff expert.

And as to the new ships. . . . Well, there are some of which very, very little can be said. Small and incredibly fast, they could give the *Queen Mary* thirty knots start in a hundred and beat her handsomely, in any case.

And they carry guns, torpedo tubes, and multiple machine-guns. What is more, they can circle at speed like a fairground roundabout—make figures of eight or any other shape, if required.

Even in Navy Week, the Fleet has a lot of secrets up its sleeve. These hornets of the sea are one. Aircraft are another.

But even with the Royal Navy guarding its secrets jealously, the public that goes to Portsmouth, Plymouth or Chatham next week is going to see enough to decide for itself that Sir Samuel Hoare is simply up to the old game of trying to make the British Lion's flesh creep.

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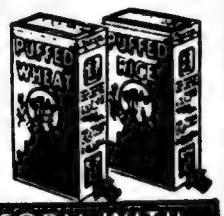

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VULTURES of the DESERT

ATTACKED *by* ARMED SLAVERS

For New Readers

"Operator 1384" and an American named McCann are members of "L'Espionnage Central," a secret service offshoot of the French Foreign Legion.

They are pitted against "The White Tuareg," a renegade white man at the head of a gang of slave and dope traffickers.

After frustrating one slave-running attempt they separate. "Operator 1384" discovers a secret ammunition dump, but meanwhile McCann disappears.

Now Read On . . . .

THE next morning Ducane greeted me with a smile.

"There's good news for you, Barrington," he said. "About McCann. The agent has reported that he is alive and well. He is with Laviger's crowd, posing a a down-and-out white man who is prepared to work with them.

"The party is heading for the Tuareg country and will be passing by the oasis of El Argan within a week. You had better get a fast camel and see if you can discover what is happening."

The sun was high in the heavens when I said good-bye to Ducane and set out on my trip of about a hundred and twenty miles across the desert. I knew where the oasis of El Argan lay, as I had passed that way twice before, but when I had ridden about twenty miles I consulted my compass and checked my direction carefully.

I was wearing civilian clothes, with an Arab head-dress and a thick burnous.

The camel slowed to a walk as it mounted a steep sand dune, and when it reached the top and began slithering down the other side, the first thing that caught my eye was the figure of an Arab lying on the sand about half-way down the slope.

I quickly got the beast on to its knees, dismounted, drew my pistol and went cautiously forward to investigate. I could see from the man's head-dress that he was a Marabout, or holy man, but his holiness did not diminish the need for caution.

I found that he was bleeding freely from an ugly wound in his stomach.

It was a disconcerting discovery. I recognised him as the strange old man, said to be more than half mad, who was known from one end of the Sahara to the other.

"I trust you"

I had come across him once or twice before in the small desert villages, and had heard a good deal about him.

I took the saddle off the camel and put up the small camel-hair tent which I had taken with me.

Carrying the old man inside, I laid him gently on the sand and stripped off his ragged burnous.

"Greetings, my son," he said.

"Greetings, father."

"More precious than gold is a kind heart, my son," he said. "Allah will surely bless thee. And now, my son, go on thy way and leave me to die in peace."

"Listen, father," I said. "Perhaps there is no need for you to die."

"There is a bullet in my stomach, my son, and death is nothing."

"I might be able to remove the bullet. I am not a skilled surgeon, but if you are not afraid, I am willing to try."

"I trust you, my son," said the old man simply.

I went out of the tent, made a small fire and sterilised my hunting-knife as best I could by holding it in the flame. When I returned to the tent, the old Marabout was still sitting up, mumbling prayers.

I thrust him gently backwards, begged him to do his best to lie still, and began to probe for the bullet. My clumsy surgery must have caused him excruciating pain, but he bore it without a murmur, and at last I located the bullet and managed to get it out. I sponged out the wound, plugged it with some cotton-wool, and made a rough-and-ready girdle to hold the dressing in position.

I was perplexed to know what to do with him, but he solved the problem by telling me there was an oasis near by.

"I will take you there, father," I said, "Do you feel strong enough to stand the journey?"

"Take me there, my son. If Allah wills that I shall join him before we reach the oasis, so be it."

"If you wish to live, my friend, keep still"

The Sirocco

I went out, saddled the camel and packed up the tent. Getting the old man on to the camel was a difficult task. I managed to get it to stand still while I placed the Marabout on its back; then, going to the camel's head, I forced it, much against its will, to travel at a steady walking pace.

After about four hours' walking, we came to the few stunted palm trees which formed the little oasis. I got the old Marabout off the camel, unsaddled the beast and fixed up the camel-hair tent; and by the time I had made the old man comfortable inside it, the breeze had become definitely fresher.

I threw myself on the sand outside the tent, intending to spend the night smoking and watching. As I lay there, I was aware that the wind was getting stronger.

The Sahara, which has so many ways of assaulting the traveller who ventures to encroach on it, has no more terrible weapon than the Sirocco, that steady, relentless, sand-laden wind, which sometimes blows unceasingly for months at a time.

All night long I sat behind the camel-hair tent, sheltering from the wind as best I could. As dawn was breaking, I went into the tent to have a look at the old Marabout, and was amazed to find that he was almost recovered.

I decided that, in spite of the Sirocco, I would push on, and went from the tent to saddle the camel. Coming towards the oasis, far away in the distance, I made out a group of camels.

It was difficult to see the riders clearly through the haze of sand, and for a time I stood by the tent, straining my eyes to discover if they were friends or foes. I was not long in doubt. As they came closer I saw that the riders were Tuaregs.

I hastily dug a trench in the sand and placed the old Marabout in it, so that he would be in no danger when the bullets started flying; and then, getting the camel down, I just managed to get behind it when the first of the Tuaregs came clearly into view over the top of a small sand dune.

He rode straight on towards me, and several others came over the sand dune behind him; but he had not advanced very many yards before I let him have it with my Mauser, and he toppled off his camel on to the sand.

The others pulled up their camels quickly and hesitated; and before they had collected their wits, swung their camels round and began to ride away, I dropped two of them.

I lay behind the camel, watching them as they rode off, and thanking my lucky stars that I had brought a rifle with me. With the rifle and the two ten-shot Mausers which I always carried with me, I had a fighting chance of beating them off.

There were only six of the party left, and if I could account for them, I might have a fair chance of getting away. The probability was, however, that they were the scouts for a large party, and my chance of escape depended on the distance they were ahead of the main body.

Retreat

The Tuaregs halted about three hundred yards away, and I could see that an excited discussion was taking place among them. Evidently they were badly in need of water, for their camels looked played out, and since their only means of obtaining water was to reach the oasis, I had not the least doubt that, with only one man and a camel between them and what they needed, they would make desperate efforts to reach it.

At last they got off their camels, spread themselves out into a semi-circle, and began slowly advancing towards me, crawling along the sand.

I waited until they were within easy range, and then fired at one who had ventured a little way ahead of the others. He rolled over in the sand, and the rest of them hesitated for some minutes.

Two of them, more venturesome than

by SECRET SERVICE OPERATOR 1384

I fired at one who ventured ahead of the others. He rolled over in the sand

the others, came crawling slowly on. I picked off one of them, and as the other still came on, I waited until I was certain of hitting him, and then let him have it with my pistol.

The other three had evidently taken to heart the fate of their comrades, for they suddenly turned tail, ran to their camels, mounted them and went off at a gallop.

I watched them until they disappeared from view, and then, having made the old man as comfortable as possible, I left the oasis and walked a little way out into the desert to have a look round before moving off towards El Argan.

The Tuaregs were nowhere in sight, and the obvious course seemed to be to get away from the oasis as quickly as possible before they returned, probably with reinforcements.

When I got back to the oasis, the Marabout was sleeping peacefully. I flung myself on the ground and was almost instantly asleep.

Off again

When I roused myself the sun had already set and darkness was falling. The Marabout was still asleep, so I woke him, and ten minutes later, when I had saddled the camel and got the old man on its back, we were on our way again towards El Argan.

The moon was not yet up, the wind was still blowing steadily, and tramping along over the loose sand leading the camel, with sand stinging my face, getting into my eyes and nose and throat and making it difficult to breathe, was a heart-breaking task.

For two hours I managed to keep going, and then I halted, gave the Marabout another drink of water and had one myself. It came as a shock to me to discover that my water-bottle was leaking and only a small supply of water remained; but there was no chance of getting more water until we reached El Argan, so I plugged the hole as best I could and set off again.

For almost two hours more I trudged on, but the constant sting of the sand on my face, the burning in my throat and the smarting of my eyes, set my nerves on edge, and I cursed the desert and everything connected with it.

I made an effort to get a grip on myself and consulted my compass—only to find that I had wandered hopelessly off my route.

I decided to halt and stay where I was until the morning. Once more I got the Marabout from the saddle, put up the camel-hair tent and placed him inside. Between us we shared the last of the water, and I gave the camel the last of the dried grass which I carried with me.

Then, having firmly hobbled the animal, I lay down in the shelter of the tent to wait for the dawn.

I must have had a good long sleep, for when I awoke the sun was just coming up. Standing beside me, holding a water-bottle, I saw the Marabout, and for a moment thought that I must be dreaming. But it was no dream. He offered me the water-bottle, smiling. "Drink, my son," he said.

I sat up and glanced round. Standing by the camel was another Arab, and instinctively my hand went to my Mauser. But the Marabout laid a hand on my arm.

"Peace be with you, my son," he said. "You have nothing to fear. This man is my friend."

He explained to me that, knowing I had lost my way, he had gone to find help, and had brought his friend back with him. As both of them were travelling in the same direction, he proposed to leave me and continue his journey with his friend.

When he had shown me the direction in which El Argan lay, he set off.

I mounted the camel and set off at a gallop. The wind was still blowing steadily, stinging my face as I rode, but my fit of depression had left me.

The Marabout, before saying good-bye to me, had replenished my water-bottle. I was on my right course again, and with any luck I should reach the oasis of El Argan before many hours had passed.

A little later I saw a clump of palms, which told me that I had at last reached the oasis of El Argan, and was soon riding into the shade of the trees. Several bands of Arabs and a small party of soldiers were encamped on the oasis, but I avoided them and pitched my tent in the most secluded spot I could find.

McCann

Having fed and watered my camel, I took a walk round the oasis to see if I could discover whether Laviger and his crowd had yet reached it. As I strolled along, wondering whether the agent's information as to Laviger's movements would prove correct and whether he had been right in his report that McCann was with the slavers, I suddenly came to a halt.

Just ahead of me, sitting on the ground, with his shoulders propped against a palm tree, his arms resting on his knees, and his huge mouth expanded in a smile, I saw McCann.

It was all I could do not to run forward and grasp his hand, but I managed to control myself. Hidden eyes were probably watching me, and it might be fatal to both McCann and myself if I gave any sign that I knew him; so I strolled on with as casual an air as possible, not even glancing again in McCann's direction.

I knew that he had seen and recognised me, and that sooner or later he would find an opportunity of coming to my tent.

I made my way back to my little tent, sat down outside it and waited as patiently as I could for McCann to come.

It was dark when at last he came. As I saw his long lean figure coming towards the tent, I slipped inside. A few yards away he paused, glancing round cautiously, and the next moment he was inside and his massive, ham-like paw was gripped in my two hands.

We must have shaken hands a dozen times before we sat down and I asked McCann to tell me what he had been doing since I last saw him in Ghardaia.

He said that when I had parted from him to report at the *Bureau*, he had gone to the *Café Blanc*, as we had arranged. There he had fallen in with another European.

"He told me his name was Laviger and asked me who I was," said McCann. "I told him the usual yarn—that I was just kicking around, looking for some kind of a job—and he asked me to join him. He said he had just lost a good man, meaning that rat Muese.

"We left Ghardaia and headed for the desert. You can take it from me, Barrington, that guy Laviger has connections in every goldarned village in the Sahara, and dumps of dope all over the place."

Vital meeting

He went on to tell me that Laviger had come to Africa for an important conference with the Tuareg nobles connected with the Traffic. The meeting was to take place shortly, and among those attending it would be the White Tuareg.

As soon as McCann had gone, I turned in and had my first really sound sleep since he had disappeared.

The next morning I was up at dawn. McCann was nowhere about, and since we could not, in any case, run the risk of being seen together, I decided to leave at once and report to Ducane. He had informed me that he would be returning to In Salah, and accordingly, when I had fed and watered my camel, I set off in that direction.

The journey, in contrast with my trip to the oasis of El Argan, was an uneventful one. The only living creatures I saw were half a dozen wandering dervishes, wild-looking men, half crazy with religious fanaticism.

When I reached In Salah, I at once reported to Ducane that there was to be a conference between Laviger and various Tuareg nobles who were involved in the white slave traffic, and that the White Tuareg was expected to attend it.

As far as McCann had been able to discover, the conference was to be held at In Salah. After a discussion which lasted several hours, Ducane decided that all our available agents should be put on to watching the cafés in the town, so that, if the White Tuareg were venturesome enough to enter it, he would be assured of a warm reception.

For the time being I remained with Ducane at In Salah and was chiefly occupied in helping him in the office. One morning, when he had gone out and left me in charge, the mail arrived, and among it was a bulky letter which I suspected was from the *Bureau Arabe*. As soon as Ducane returned, I handed it to him and waited while he read it.

"It's from the *Bureau*, Barrington," he said, "to tell me that two men escaped some time ago from the Penal Battalion at Biribi, and there is a strong

(continued on page 22)

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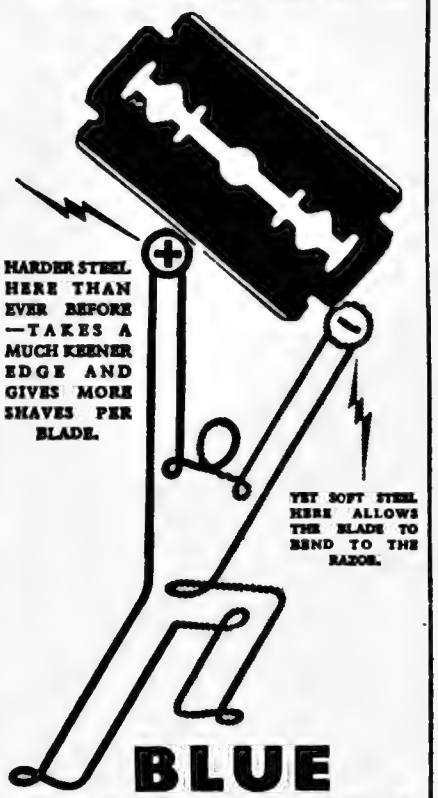
HARDER STEEL HERE THAN EVER BEFORE —TAKES A MUCH KEENER EDGE AND GIVES MORE SHAVES PER BLADE.
YET SOFT STEEL HERE ALLOWS THE BLADE TO BEND TO THE RAZOR.

BLUE GILLETTES
ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES
LARGE PACKET 2/6 • SMALL PACKET 1/3
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For SUMMER THIRST and SUMMER HEALTH

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY

30 tumblers from each 8½d bottle

Messina Lemons and finest Barley without preservatives

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GUYS BRAND TONIC

Safe • Certain • Pleasant

THE SURE REMEDY FOR—

- INDIGESTION • POOR APPETITE
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and all RUN-DOWN Conditions

GUYS TONIC—the result of medical research—is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, amazingly effective, and most economical. Recommended by grateful users the world over, it has transformed the health of thousands, and is proved the ideal Restorative for all who suffer from digestive troubles of various kinds, who are weak, run down and generally out-of-sorts; who are nervy, worried, depressed, sleepless—or subject to Catarrh and Headaches. The happy experience of these thousands of one-time sufferers can be repeated in the case of every "John Bull" reader who relies on Guys Tonic to restore them to the joy of perfect health.

free EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER who purchases from their Chemist a bottle of Guys brand Tonic at 1/3 or 3/- will receive with their purchase a Wonderful Health Chart and Digestion Time Table, containing in simple form knowledge which has taken years to acquire, and which, in conjunction with Guys Tonic, helps every man and woman to build up Glorious Health, Perfect Digestion and Inexhaustible Energy. Buy a Bottle of Guys Tonic from your Chemist to-day—study the Free Digestive Chart and you will be on the road to splendid fitness and a new joy in life.

My Mysterious Prisoner

Continued from page 21

A WARNING !

In next week's instalment the White Tuareg breaks silence in a startling manner and "Operator 1384" and his friend McCann are plunged into further adventures

suspicion that one of them is the White Taureg. It seems that an Arab has been persuaded to confess that he knows the White Tuareg to be an escaped Legionary from the Penal Battalion."

"In that case, sir, the job is going to be tougher than we thought."

Ducane nodded. "If those two men are with the Tuaregs, Barrington, and one of them is their leader, they know everything there is to be known about our methods, and will give us a good deal more trouble than a couple of Tuaregs."

He smiled. "But we can't expect the *Bureau* to make allowances for that, and the sooner we do something, the better for both of us. They have sent me photographs of the two men, but I don't know that photographs will help us much."

He handed me the two photographs, and I studied them carefully while Ducane went on to tell me that I was to take charge of all the agents who had been detailed to watch the cafés, and report to him the moment I heard anything of importance.

For a week I divided my time among the various cafés of the town, but heard nothing that was of any use to us. At the end of the week Laviger's caravan arrived in the town early one morning. I spent a day scouring the town for McCann, but could neither find him nor get any news of him.

The fight

Shortly after dusk, however, when I was sitting with Ducane in his office, McCann came in. He told Ducane that Laviger had informed him that the conference would not, after all, be held at In Salah, but at a secret meeting-place in the Hogger Mountains.

Laviger was going to the conference and had told McCann to wait in In Salah until he returned.

"I guess that suits me," grinned McCann. "I've sure had enough of slave trading."

If McCann, however, was counting on being allowed to remain in In Salah and amuse himself his hopes were soon shattered. Ducane decided to go to the Hogger Mountains in the hope of discovering the meeting-place of the slavers, and to take McCann with him.

I was hoping that I might be included in the trip, but it was not to be. Ducane instructed me to remain in In Salah and carry on with the work I was doing, and in particular to keep a sharp watch on the Café Cheval Noir, as he had reason for believing that the proprietor was working hand in glove with the slavers.

When Ducane and McCann had left, I decided to take a walk as far as the Café Cheval Noir and book a room there for a few days, so that I could keep a strict watch on the place without arousing the proprietor's suspicions.

While I had been in In Salah I had not once been into the town without wearing my Arab costume, and my best chance of not being recognised would be to put on civilian clothes; so I slipped into an old suit of white ducks, made my way into the café, booked a room on the ground floor, and spent an hour or so chatting and drinking with a couple of the dancing girls.

It was fairly late when I went to my room. I flung myself on my bed and lighted a cigarette. If anything were taking place in the Café Cheval Noir which the proprietor was anxious to conceal from the French, it would almost certainly take place during the night, and I meant to keep awake and miss nothing that might occur.

I remember finishing one cigarette and lighting another, but after that I remember nothing until I opened my eyes and realised that I must have dozed off, and that what had awakened me was a warning from some sixth sense that I was not alone in the room.

Very cautiously I moved my hand towards the butt of my pistol; but the movement, slight as it was, must have been noticed by my unseen visitor, for before I could draw the weapon I felt something cold and hard pressed against my temple.

"If you wish to live, my friend," said a deep voice in French, "keep still. Take my advice and stop interfering with the plans of the White Tuareg. You won't be warned again."

I was anxious to gain time and the chance of getting a hand to my pistol, so I tried to draw my visitor, whose face I could not see, into conversation.

"What's the use of warning me?" I said. "You know I've no choice. I've got to obey orders."

"If you're wise, you'll obey my orders."

My eyes were growing accustomed to the half-light, and I could dimly see the figure of a man standing over the bed with his pistol about a foot away from my face.

As I spoke, I saw that the pistol was lowered a little. Making a sudden grab at it with my left hand, I sprang up and flung my right arm round the waist of the intruder.

Together we crashed to the floor and rolled over and over. It was a grim fight, fought without a word from either of us, my opponent struggling to wrench his pistol hand free, I clinging to it desperately.

Slowly but surely I felt him weaken. But I could afford to take no chances.

I heard the weapon fall to the floor. This freed my left hand, and I felt for the steel handcuffs which I always carried with me; and though the man put up a furious resistance, I managed at last to snap them on to his wrists.

As quietly as possible I dragged the bed in front of the door in case anyone should attempt to enter the room, and sat down on the edge of it to wait and keep a watchful eye on my prisoner.

But he lay quite still; and when, after a half-hour which seemed interminable, dawn began to break, I rose and took a look out of the window.

Silence

The street was deserted, and I realised that now, before the town began to stir, was my best chance of getting my prisoner away unobserved.

A few moments later we were in the street, and within ten minutes, without having met a soul on the way, I had him safely in Ducane's office.

There were always agents sleeping in the building, and I roused two of them. One I ordered to proceed at once to the Café Cheval Noir and arrest the proprietor; the other I sent for some black coffee.

While I was waiting for it, I took my first real look at the man I had arrested. He was rather a good-looking man of medium height, with brown hair and beard, dark blue eyes and a firm mouth. It struck me that his face was vaguely familiar to me, but for the moment I could not place him.

"What's your name?" I demanded.

"That's my business."

I tried to make him tell me, but he remained sullen and obstinate, refusing either to admit or deny that he was involved in the slave traffic, and after a time I abandoned the attempt to make him talk. He would be made to talk by sure means later on if he continued to be intractable, but I could do nothing until Ducane put in an appearance.

Suddenly it flashed into my mind that there was a similarity between the face of the man who sat handcuffed in the chair and one of the photographs of the escaped Legionaries which had been sent to Ducane by the Bureau.

I crossed to the filing drawer, took out the photographs of the two deserters from the Penal Battalion, and studied them closely, comparing them with the face of my prisoner.

One of them bore a strong resemblance to him, and I was convinced that if his beard were removed there would be no doubt that he was the man whose photograph bore the name Piree Dinot.

The identity

Without a word I held out the photograph, and as he took it and glanced at it, he gave me all the proof I needed that my surmise was correct. He went pale beneath his tan, and there was a look of panic in his eyes.

"So you're Piree Dinot, one of the men who escaped from the Penal Battalion, are you?"

He made no answer.

"Listen, Dinot," I said. "You've had a bit of bad luck, but it's no use feeling sore with me about it. I can't do much to help you, but if you'll give me your word not to try to escape, I can make things a good deal more comfortable for you until the chief returns. But you've got to play straight with me."

He gazed at me keenly. "You're a Legionary, aren't you?"

"The 1st Regiment of Cavalry," I told him. "And you?"

"The same as yourself. All right; I give you my word not to try to escape."

I managed to draw him into conversation. He told me that he was a German South African, and that his real name was Andrew Herthog.

The trouble had started with an officer of the Legion who had taken a dislike to him.

He had sprung at the officer, dragged him off his horse and struck him several savage blows in the face before anyone had been able to interfere.

The inevitable court-martial followed, at which Herthog received the sentence of ten years in the Penal Battalion.

Herthog's chance came during one of the minor revolts which break out from time to time amongst the convicts of the Penal Battalion. Two hundred of them revolted when they were road-making in the desert, attacked the black Senegalese guards and tore them to pieces.

During the confusion, Herthog and a man with whom he was friendly managed to get away without being noticed; but he obstinately refused to tell me who his friend was.

I suggested to him that he was the White Tuareg, but Herthog would neither admit nor deny it.

(To be continued)

LAST LOOK BACK

Registered readers of JOHN BULL going on holidays need have no fears for the safety of all those things that mean "Home" to them.

They will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while holidaying anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

Should an application for benefit arise, all that readers will be asked to do is to show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediate on their return and that they bought JOHN BULL while they were away.

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KEEPS THIRST DOWN

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FRUIT & NUT

Chocolate, milk and nuts for energy-food. Plump, juicy raisins to take care of your thirst. That's why it's wise to make Cadburys Fruit and Nut your chocolate for summer days. About 170 grapes, 15-20 almonds and ½ a pint of fresh, full-cream milk go into every ½ pound block. It's food and refreshment for you!

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It's the kiddies who will do the coaxing once you introduce them to Kellogg's Rice Krispies. How they smile at the merry snap, crackle and pop of the delicious, toasted rice bubbles when cold milk or cream is poured on! And how quickly their spoons get busy!

Don't worry about the way they gobble them up—Rice Krispies are as easily digested as they are wholly nourishing. Welcome at any time of the day—breakfast, lunch or for a wholesome between-meal snack.

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ENDED 14 YEARS

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'I wish to thank you for the wonderful good your Rennie tablets have done me. I have had gastritis for 14 years, and have had one operation for same, but with no results. I have tried everything possible. I have not eaten supper for many years, but after one trial packet of your pastilles I can now eat anything at any time, and both sleep and feel well Friends remark how well I look, thanks to your Rennie pastilles.'
W. F. Cumberworth, Near Huddersfield.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy: each one is individually wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

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You suck it like a sweet.

Now for a real refresher—

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PINE CUBE

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DESPICABLE FRAUD on the Deaf

A word of warning to the afflicted may save them from exploitation . . . .

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

THE individual who writes offensive letters to persons holding responsible positions is usually a contemptible being, and a coward at heart.

I have come across a few at one time or another, but rarely have I encountered one quite like James S. Francis, who operates from centres as far apart as Glasgow and Wolverhampton.

And while penning numerous abusive letters to private persons engaged in welfare work among the afflicted, he is simultaneously conducting a fraud of the worst possible character.

Gathering donations and subscriptions from philanthropic and kindly people, Francis makes himself a fat living, yet seeks to disparage all those who are genuinely concerned with work among the unfortunate people who dwell in what is very aptly described as the "Land of Silence."

The editor and publisher of a trumpery journal he calls the *British Deaf News*, his activities seem to have spread all over the country. Bath, in Somerset, Liverpool, and Seaview, in the Isle of Wight, are just a few places where he has operated.

HIS duplicity calls for immediate exposure, particularly as he seeks to extend his activities by continually advertising for agents to assist his campaign.

He wants to employ "smart," deaf persons willing to sell his utterly worthless journal from door to door, gathering subscriptions of half a crown from sympathisers.

On the face of it, the effort might appear to be quite genuine to unsuspecting householders. That Francis is successful as far as money-making is concerned will be appreciated when I mention that at times his printing orders have reached 10,000 copies a month.

For the purpose of organising the sale of his journal he uses an address at King Street, Wolverhampton, but he invites subscriptions to be sent to his "office" at Southcote Street, Govan, Glasgow.

One of my readers, who was induced to support the movement, was approached by a canvasser who was both deaf and dumb. This poor fellow was just a cat's paw, and obviously believed he was engaged in earnest efforts to assist the thousands of his kind.

The unfortunate canvasser went his way, distributing copies of the journal, soliciting donations to line the pockets of Mr. Francis. It will doubtless come as a shock to a good many like him to learn that their efforts are simply a means of livelihood for a very questionable philanthropist.

The journal Francis calls the *British Deaf News* is compiled to convey the appearance of an authentic and officially recognised publication, but it is nothing of the kind.

But the worst deception is that the body of the journal never changes. When Francis descends upon a new district and finds it necessary to reprint, he simply changes the date and serial number on the outer cover and passes the paper off as an up-to-date publication!

It is thus a catch-penny of the worst kind, designed to trade on the good nature of well-disposed people.

On his outer cover Francis makes unauthorised use of the names of reputable organisations and movements for the benefit of the deaf, though he refrains from linking his own activities with those of any established philanthropic concern.

Although he constantly gathers subscriptions, he is answerable to no governing committee or to any responsible authority. His is a one-man scheme.

To lend colour to his journal he narrates a brief history of a well-known institution for the deaf. He has no right to do so, and this very worthy institution, which has members in more than fifty towns throughout the country, is naturally indignant at the way its good name is being thus exploited.

Francis made a bad slip in the current number of *British Deaf News* by giving the address of this reputable institution as Dorset Square, Baker Street, London. Actually it changed its premises more than two years ago to make way for the staff of a well-known hospital!

I mention this as an apt example of the matter published in the journal by which Francis makes his living.

AT one time he got himself and his printers in trouble through publishing libellous statements with regard to genuine efforts, but although he received a check, he retaliated by writing the scandalous letters I mention earlier in this article.

But while Francis confines the writing of offensive letters to a few, he distributes his thoroughly misleading "journal" among thousands whom he induces to support his venture.

I daresay a good many people will have subscribed their half-crowns without troubling to look at the *British Deaf News*, and on their credulity Francis has contrived to live in style and travel the country for some years.

He moves about a good deal, but he is usually to be found in lodgings in Union Street, Wolverhampton, and I think I have made it quite clear that he is an individual to be shunned.

Amazing Murder Trial: Fresh Facts

IN our issue for July 18 we published a communication from the Secretary of the Marr Liberation Committee advocating the release of the Rev. P. C. Marr from an asylum following the shooting of a Mr. Dalgleish.

Messrs. R. H. and D. Miller, of Leith, now write presenting the other side of this unusual case, and we gladly publish the fresh facts their letter contains:—

* * *

We act for Mrs. Margaret Dalgleish, Widow and Executrix of the late J. M. Dalgleish.

Apparently the statements in the article "Amazing Murder Trial Sequel" appear to have been supplied to you by Mrs. Annie Little, secretary of what is called "The Marr Liberation Committee."

The only possible source of information from which Mrs. Little could obtain her alleged facts are, we take it, from the Rev. Peter C. Marr himself.

This man is still, in the eyes of the law, insane, as your article itself states. He was declared by the High Court of Justiciary on November 17, 1930, to be unfit to plead and to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

Your article states, "One of the tenants (Mr. Marr's property), by name Dalgleish, had cast covetous eyes upon it, and he was a man with few scruples."

Mr. Dalgleish had no dealings whatever with the late Mr. Marr. The property was purchased in the first instance by the late Mr. James T. Goalen, House Factor, Leith, for the sum of £350, and Mr. Goalen resold it to Mr. Dalgleish at the same figure.

Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that Mr. Dalgleish was held in very high esteem by the whole community of Leith. He was a prominent member of the local branch of the Salvation Army.

The true facts of the case regarding the property are that the late Mr. Andrew Marr apparently regretted having sold it to Mr. Goalen. After signing the conveyance, he called upon Mr. Goalen and asked him to cancel the sale.

Mr. Goalen, of course, said that this was quite impossible, and he had resold it to Mr. Dalgleish, and that the transaction must go through. In any case, Mr. Marr had got a perfectly good price, as prices then went, for his property.

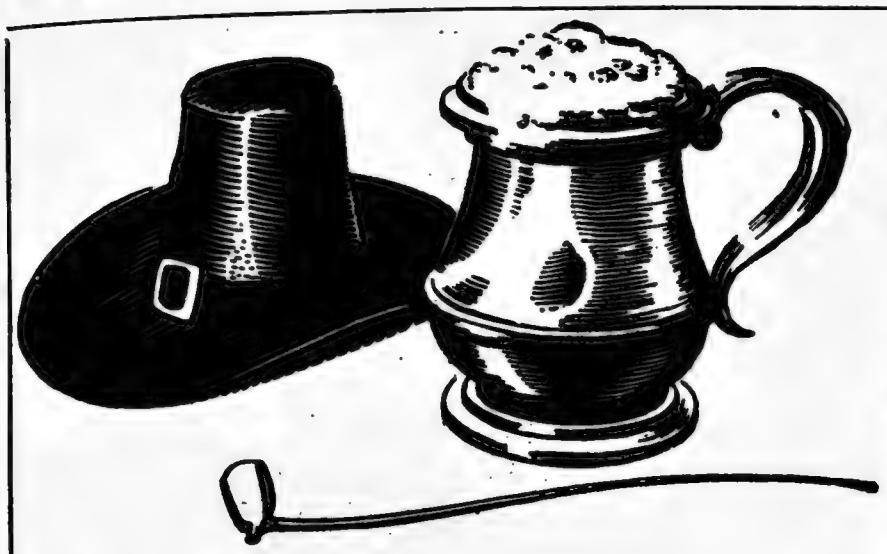
Mr. Marr then raised an Action of Reduction of the Disposition, and was unsuccessful, and this action cost the late Mr. Dalgleish hundreds of pounds, as he was, of course, unable to recover any of his costs from the late Mr. Marr.

Naturally, Mr. Dalgleish had to safeguard his interests by doing what he could to recover his costs from Mr. Marr.

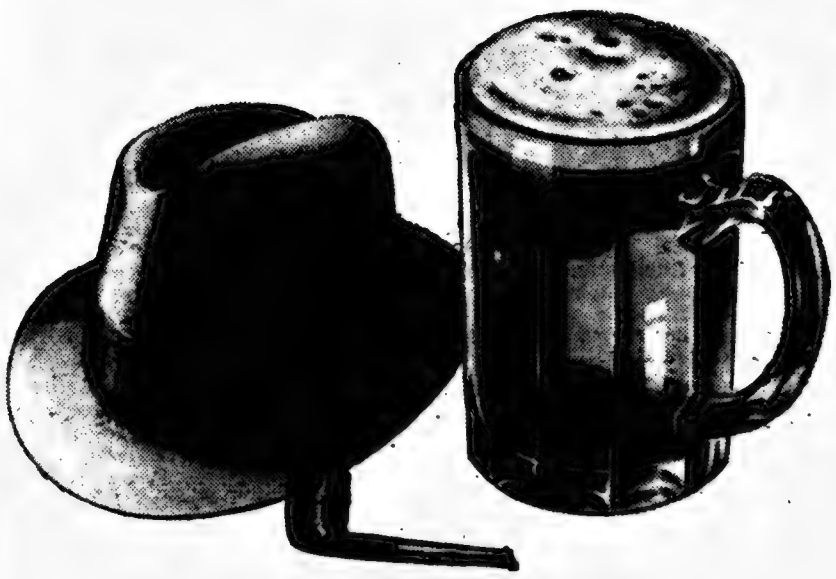
The Crown evidence shows that the Rev. Mr. Marr met Mr. Dalgleish, and, without the slightest provocation, took from an attaché case which he was carrying the automatic pistol referred to in your article, and fired several shots at Mr. Dalgleish, who fell to the ground, and even after he lay on the ground Mr. Marr continued to fire at him.

The statement that Mr. Dalgleish attacked him is absolutely ludicrous to those who were at all acquainted with Mr. Dalgleish. Another statement is to the effect that Mr. Dalgleish was a powerful man. He was no taller than his assailant, if perhaps slightly stouter in build.

Mr. Marr's relatives were certainly well advised when they left the Crown view of the case unchallenged, and to every thinking man there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Rev. Mr. Marr was a man possessed with an insane obsession regarding Mr. Dalgleish, whom he evidently regarded as the villain of the peace, and the author of all the wrongs which he and his family are supposed to have suffered.



What our ancestors did by instinct and tradition



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BECAUSE WE KNOW WHY

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"He very nearly lost them."

"The enamel was nearly worn through when the dentist told me to change his tooth paste to Odol. Too much abrasive or harshness, he says, can quickly ruin the strongest teeth and once the enamel goes, everything goes. It appears that the particles in Odol are microscopic—very fine and soft. So Odol cleanses thoroughly and polishes brilliantly without the slightest danger of scratching."

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (4/100,000ths")—no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide . . . and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

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Let's see your Odol Smile!

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Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbux on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch" the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbux Ltd., ODOL Sunny Snaps Dept. JB2), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, Oct. 3rd, 1936.

● *Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1/- size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1/9 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.*

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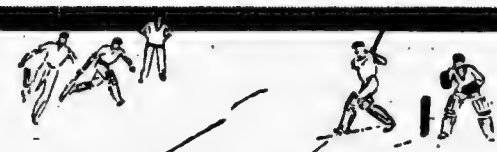

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Dear Sir,—The natural desire of most parents is to give their children a fair chance in life in the form of a good College Training, also there are many young men who would like to *go to College* but for some reason are not able to do so. Let us tell you here and now, you can get a complete College training without having to *go* anywhere, and at a reasonable monthly fee for tuition. For well over 30 years we have been training students for all the Key positions, by post, in all parts of the world. Distance is nothing when you are studying by your own fireside.

The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all the worth-while examinations.

Write to us for Free particulars of any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

You will be under no obligation whatever, it is our pleasure to help.

J. H. Bennett

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STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

MOST men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be Strictly Anonymous.

The spectre of my past is forever coming up to taunt me . . . I can never escape my conscience

I WAS A Jekyll and Hyde

THE secret chapter of my life of which I now write has been closed for some years, and many people may wonder why I should be moved to drag my own skeleton from its cupboard.

But those who have ever suffered from the pangs of contrition and remorse will know how powerful the still, small voice of conscience can be.

I am tired of nursing my guilty secret, and welcome the guarantee of strict anonymity that makes it possible for me to relieve my mind of the burden that has weighed upon it for so long.

I was a real life Jekyll and Hyde. In my home village, as church deacon and Sunday-school superintendent, I was quite a busy man and certainly a highly respected one. Little did the villagers guess that the saint in their midst was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

My mother was a godly woman whose heart would have been broken had she learnt the truth about me. My father, a seafaring man, was seldom at home.

I AM ashamed now when I think of how I tricked my mother, who in later years became semi-blind. By imposing upon her trusting good nature, I gained confidence in my art of deceit.

There was no sincerity in me in those days. Even my religious leanings were fostered by expectations of what I might "be able to get out of it."

Gradually I became a leading light in Church work, and my services as a lay preacher were in great demand. But all the time I was leading a double life and adding to my good credentials as a steady, upright young man simply for my own selfish ends.

I used to take an unctuous delight in keeping up my outward pose, visiting sick people and offering comforting words of good cheer.

And what the world did not know was that I thus became the confidant of many trusting old souls, whose confidences I was not above turning to my own advantage.

No one was any the wiser, so I carried on without fear of exposure. Frequently I was given sums of money for definite purposes of a charitable nature; but, being trusted to use my own discretion, I gave sparingly and pocketed the remainder.

At intervals I was away for the week-end on supposed preaching visits to other villages. Actually these absences were devoted to riotous living.

Away from my own district, I indulged in every form of vice, drinking and gambling heavily on money entrusted to me for sacred objects.

On my return I would resume my saintly mask and was always welcomed as being sadly missed. Soon I was in the throes of engagements for the rest of the week. Prayer meetings, Band of Hope, young folk's classes, deacons' court, choir practice and so on, claimed all my evenings.

THEN on Sunday I would attend all church services, besides taking my Sunday school class.

When in town, and in no danger of meeting any of the villagers, I was a different man. My cloak of religion was dropped and I did and said what I liked in the low company I then sought.

Nevertheless I had to go cautiously, lest my double life somehow leaked out.

But there again I was fortunate, for my town friends worried nobody but themselves and always minded their own business.

Just think of me, a double-dyed scamp, wearing sombre clothes and taking part in communion service! Imagine my pleadings with some of the young men of the village to give up gambling and to turn to something more edifying and more spiritual!

Picture me, if you can, in my dealings with raw village youths whom I urged to mend their ways! Think of me preaching from pulpit and platform on things Divine.

If you had heard me sing gospel songs you would probably have been moved, as many in our village were undoubtedly moved. Yet there was I, the blackest of all in hypocrisy, the deepest in sin, the greatest of deceivers, seeking to save the lost.

YES, with a face of brass, but a conscience of lead, for, in spite of my long-sustained duplicity, I was a coward at heart. Still, I risked a continuance of religious bluff, for it paid me, and I thought the game worth it.

I know better to-day, for my experience of living a Jekyll and Hyde life has taught me a bitter lesson—a lesson I can never forget, namely, that there can be no sin without its ultimate punishment.

In view of the fact that I was never "found out," it may seem ridiculous to speak in this way. But I have reaped my ultimate punishment in more ways than one, for my conscience has never given me rest or peace.

When conscience hits, it hits hard and in a variety of attacks that leaves one helpless. It is because I have been so torn with remorse that I now try to relieve my feelings and mental torment by open confession. Already I feel the better for so doing, though I know that I shall be tortured with pangs of conscience till the end.

There is something more I would like to add. When my deceit started in earlier years, I little dreamt I could carry it on so long, but the easier the success the bolder I became.

MY pose was all the more despicable since it was a religious pretence I maintained, even with my poor semi-blind and trusting mother.

How she loved to hear me talk of things scriptural. That proved that her son was following her footsteps in religious matters. So she thought, and I, her beloved son, was planning all the while even to rob his dear mother!

The more I think of those days, the greater scoundrel I become in memory's reflections. My parents are long since dead. Neither of them ever knew, nor do I believe ever in the least suspected, that their one and only child was or ever would be such a shameless deceiver.

Perhaps one day I may make some atonement. . . . Till then I can never escape my conscience.

The Greatest of These —

Brave Invalid

"I HAVE been an invalid for over three years," writes fourteen-year-old Ellen's father, "after having an operation on my spine caused through an accident for which I receive no compensation or National Health Insurance, having been self-employed as station out porter on my own account.

"I am an ex-Service man, having served through the war over three years. I served in France and was discharged August 1, 1919.

"I am married, with one child, aged fourteen, still at school. My doctor has informed me that I shall not be fit to work again, owing to the after effects of my operation. My total income is twenty-eight shillings, out of which I pay thirteen-and-sixpence per week rent." Last February Ellen's father did not improve his health by performing a very gallant deed. He was lying in bed when he heard his neighbour give the fire alarm, and immediately got up to render what assistance he could. He and his neighbour poured jugs and a bucket of water into the fireplace, where the fire originated, until the fire brigade arrived. "I was very weak, however," says Ellen's father, "and eventually collapsed and had to be helped back to the bedroom."

Donations earmarked "Ellen," which will go to the help of this brave invalid, and donations towards our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

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The son wants a more attractive home to bring his better class friends to, but the mother has her doubts

That SACRIFICE for the CHILDREN

ONE question that exercises the minds of many parents who write to me is to what extent they should sacrifice themselves for their children.

"Life has been very good to our little home, but just now we have come up against a problem which we would like you to solve for us," says a mother, who adds:

We are working people with a family of three—two sons and a daughter. The elder boy is twenty and the girl seventeen, and they both won scholarships to secondary schools. They are now in very good positions and they mix with people who are in a better station of life than we are. And this is where the trouble begins. Our children want us to leave our present house and move to a larger one.

We live in a good part of the town, and though our house is not modern we have done everything to make it attractive, and recently spent quite a substantial sum on new furniture. My husband is in regular work, but this is dependent on his having a steady hand and a true eye, so that when he gets older, things may not be so good as at present.

Should we be wise to move to a house where our children can entertain their friends in comfort? Our boy has promised that he will always help us if necessary, but we know that he will probably have his own responsibilities, and we should not like to be a burden to him.

There is something to be said for both these parents and their children. The children naturally want to be proud of their home. They are anxious to be able to entertain their friends in something like the same style as they themselves are entertained. And if that is not possible, the danger is that they might in time forsake their home and parents. That, of course, my correspondent is most anxious to avoid.

ON the other hand, she and her husband must consider themselves.

Those children will in all probability marry in due course, and the present house would then be too big for just the father and the mother. The position would be a great deal worse if in the meanwhile they had taken a larger one.

These parents, by improving their present home, have met their children's wishes in a reasonable way. If that does not altogether satisfy them, then my correspondent might consider moving into a larger house on two conditions.

First—this son and daughter should agree to contribute more towards the additional expenses. And if they can run to it, they might be willing to take out an insurance policy. Such a sum would be a nest-egg for these parents when their children leave home or in the event of their marriage.

Second—these parents must take care that any new house could be easily disposed of, or part of it sub-let, when their present needs have outgrown it.

In a word, if their children are prepared to shoulder part of the burden in moving elsewhere, I think their desire might be granted.

This correspondent is naturally proud of her family. But here is a woman who is having a great deal of trouble with her eldest girl. She says:

I have a daughter by my first marriage aged twenty-six and a family of five by my second marriage, whose ages range from six to fourteen years. My daughter of twenty-six has lived most of her life with my parents, but when they died, about four years ago, she came to live with us, and then my troubles began.

I found her to be bad-mannered, intolerably lazy and very quarrelsome. She is a healthy girl, but has a most ungovernable temper, and will be neither advised nor taught. After some months she obtained employment, and during the last three years has been in quite a dozen different places, leaving each one after only a few weeks because of her violent temper. On these occasions she returns home and remains until another job comes along.

This causes unpleasantness with my husband, who is fairly even-tempered, sober and hard-working. I carry on a business besides bringing up my family and attending to the home, so you will know that I have few idle moments. My daughter of fourteen has started work, and bitterly resents the other girl coming and parking herself at home when unemployed. I have come to the conclusion that only some drastic action will bring her to her senses. She is a woman, not a child, and I have my husband and other sons and daughters to consider.

It may seem strange for me to say that I have just a little sympathy with this girl. For most of her life she has been denied the love and companionship of father and mother. Her grandparents may have been good to her, but—well, it is not quite the same thing. And now that her mother has married again, and there is a large family of step-brothers and step-sisters, this girl may feel just a little out of the picture.

That may explain her conduct—but nothing, of course, can excuse it. She cannot expect to be allowed to continue "bad mannered, intolerably lazy, and very quarrelsome." She is, as my correspondent says, "a woman, not a child." She must be made to act like one.

This mother talks of taking drastic action. I presume she means forbidding her to stay in the home. It is always a pity for a parent to turn adrift a daughter even when she has reached the age of twenty-six.

I SUGGEST, therefore, that one further step might be taken in the hope that the position may improve. My correspondent should give her some responsibility in the home and should try to make a companion of her. She may find that there will be a response to consideration of this kind. If not, then I should concur in that "drastic action." And the girl would have nobody but herself to blame.

My third problem is put by a parent in this way:

What is the best thing to be done with a lad of fourteen who is mean enough to alter his school report?

Our boy tried to make us believe that his position in class was better than it is. He only came in fourteenth, whereas he made it appear to be fourth by rubbing out the one in front. This is the third time reports have been altered, and when his father asked him if he had made the alteration, he denied it "on his Scout's honour."

But we were not satisfied, and when I told him that his father was going to the headmaster the next day, and that if he were guilty he would be shown up in front of the whole school, he confessed.

It is a great sacrifice to send the boy to a grammar school, and we are feeling that he is not worth it, but at the same time we know that a false step may perhaps ruin his whole future. We think he ought not to go to the Scouts again, as he has betrayed their honour.

Life has witnessed a great many changes in the last twenty or thirty years. But nothing has been more revolutionary than the bringing up of children.

It used to be the custom to correct any shortcomings with a good dose of corporal punishment. The strap and the slipper were regarded as the best corrective implements.

I am inclined to think sometimes that we have gone too far the other way. Punishment is like medicine, useful on occasions.

But nobody dreams of giving medicine unless there is a need for it. And I should like to know why this boy has three times altered his school report.

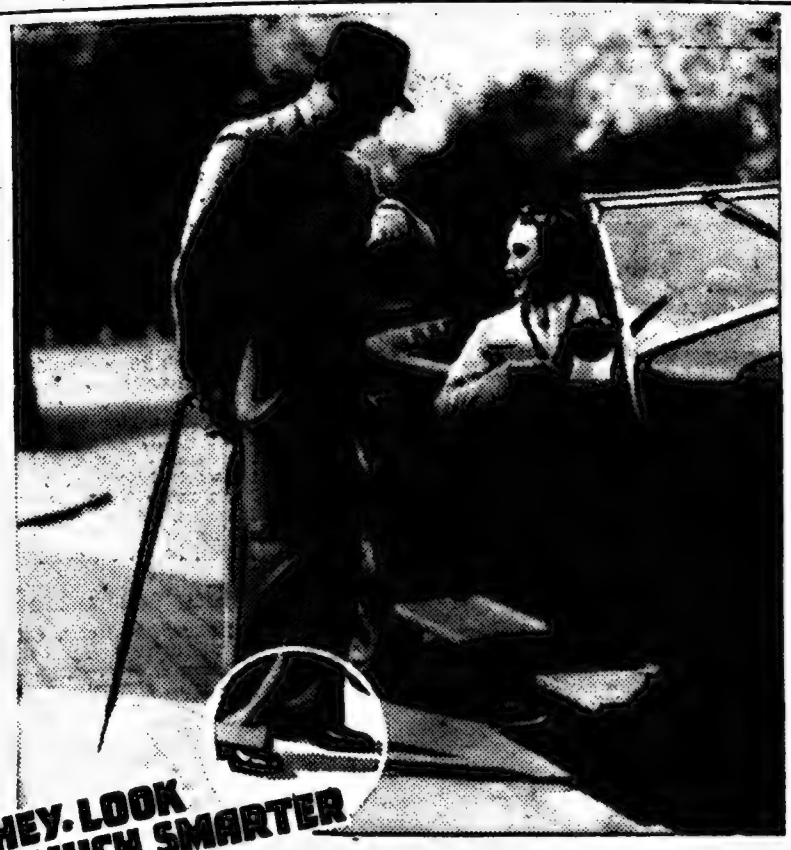
HAVE his parents said to him: "Look here, young man, it is costing us a lot to send you to this school. If you do not do well, you'll have to start work." Or something to that effect. In that way they may have frightened him into doing things which he would not ordinarily do.

If this is so, I do not think they should take too serious a view of his delinquencies. Their policy for the future should be not to put fear into him, but to inspire him by encouragement to do better.

But, of course, a good deal depends on whether this lad has been deceptive in other ways. If he has, it may be due to some kink in his make-up which prevents him from knowing right from wrong.

A consultation with a psychologist would be helpful, as he would be able to suggest a course of treatment which would help to eradicate the trouble. I shall be glad to send my correspondent the name of one.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



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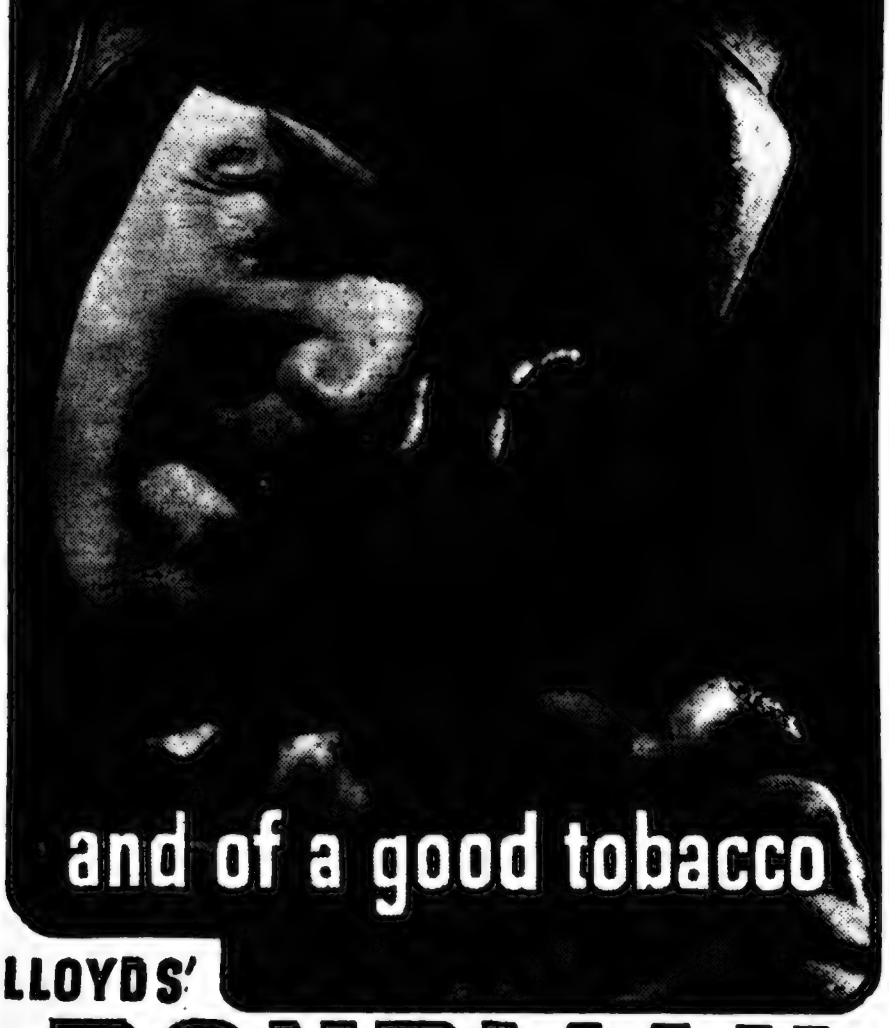

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

How I'D Use MORE LEISURE

THE other day I saw a child knocked down and severely injured by a motor-car. The child was lying in the road, with nobody handy able to do anything. But, luckily, the ambulance arrived quickly.

In other circumstances the child might easily have died through lack of attention, so from now on I intend to use all my leisure studying first aid, so that in cases like I have described I can be of some assistance.—*H. L., Dagenham, Essex.*

Weary Hands

I would use more leisure giving the best mother in the world an easier time. Despite ill-health, she has worked hard for her children, and does still, though she is now in her seventieth year.

My job takes me out of the home about ten hours a day, but if I had more leisure I would gladly use it doing some of the household tasks that fall to her willing, but often weary, hands.—*Grateful Daughter, Birmingham.*

Winter Clothes

My experience as a teacher taught me the sufferings of poor children in winter-time through lack of adequate clothing.

If I had more leisure I would delight in making lots of warm garments from cast-off clothing that I could easily beg from friends and relatives.

What a real joy it would be to me, then, to feel that during our bleak winters just a few more children were warmer and cosier, in school and out of school, through my having more time on my hands!—*Conscious, Sheffield.*

Take it Easy

One word describes how I would use more leisure . . . *Sleep.* My working hours are 9.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. every day, Sundays included. I have one precious half-day a week, into which I try to cram as much fun and enjoyment as other more fortunate people can have in a week.

Can you wonder why I would spend my extra leisure *sleeping?* — *Tired, Penarth.*

Protection

I'd put an end to the leisure of my M.P. and ask him if he ever reads JOHN BULL, assuring him that the exposures in its pages are not unrepresented in his constituency.

As a voluntary agent I'd offer to collect for him authentic stories from victims of the rent ramp, the jerry-building graft, and countless other abuses. And doing this, I'd feel I was playing a small but very real part in the protection of democracy in this country.—*D. M., Dumfries.*

Exercise

Physical exercise—country walks—the open air!

Childhood illnesses left my general health in a state that one begrudged week's holiday a year can do little to remedy. I would like a little more fresh air.

Long hours of work leave little time for health-giving recreations. More leisure would mean a fitter body and a happier mind.—*Shop Assistant, London.*

Happy Faces

All the youngsters in my district know the shed in my back garden. They come and watch me at my favourite hobby—making model aeroplanes. When I get away from the office I find wonderful pleasure in seeing these tiny craft gradually taking shape in my hands.

I never fly them, strange though that may seem. My pleasure is purely in creating them, but, then, my hobby gives me another pleasure, and that is the sight of a queue of youngsters lined up to receive the finished job. With more leisure, none would go away disappointed.—*E. N., Birmingham.*

Invalid Chair

If I had more time I would bring pleasure into the lives of many elderly people who are confined to their homes for long periods consequent upon their inability to walk.

I would hire an invalid chair, call for an old lady, and take her for a trip around the district.

I would show her other people's gardens, and perhaps sit awhile in the park watching the children play. There she would benefit by both air and sun.

There are many lonely old souls who would enjoy such occasional outings—could my spare time be better employed? —*Young and Healthy, Bristol.*

Personal Service

Hearing an appeal over the wireless some time ago by Lady Reading for personal service workers, I wrote to the address she gave and ascertained the nearest Personal Service Society, which I joined.

I then took a keen interest in visiting the various cases allotted me, and quite forgot to bother about my own petty troubles over which I had previously been apt to brood.

But, unfortunately, I cannot now devote the time I would like to the work, but I am doing my best until I have more leisure—*Mrs. C. L. B., Liverpool.*

Would Help Work

Sport! That is what I should indulge in much more if I had more leisure time, for it is my opinion that with more sporting activities we should become a better nation. There is nothing like a good swim to drive all your troubles away, and a good game of tennis after a rest when you get home from work sends all your worries to the winds. People would be able to work better if they had a little more time for sport, and, likewise, lots of their petty ailments would disappear.—*Sport Lover, South Yardley.*

Busman's Holiday

Hour after hour, day in, day out, I drive a bus through the London streets. Stop and start, stop and start, to the command of a bell, keyed up to constant tension, my working life is that of an automaton.

Had I the leisure—and the means—I would like nothing better than a seat in a country-bound motor coach, there to sit back and relax, revelling in the restfulness, and release from the servitude of the "wheel."—*Busman, Middlesex.*

Fight for Home

I live in a populous neighbourhood in which there is no maternity home, a fact I've deplored at the birth of each of my children.

If I had more leisure I would organise a local association and fight tooth and nail for a maternity centre for our large population. I would arrange concerts, carnivals and so forth, with the object of raising money to start building, and I would personally appeal to all voters to agitate for a local grant to complete the establishment. At least, I *would* stir the public conscience.—*Mrs. W D., Bristol.*

Read More

If I were fortunate enough to have more leisure I would use it to fulfil my dearest ambition. I would extend my education by reading good books on a wide range of subjects. Then when my well-educated, grown-up children bring their friends to visit us, I should meet the latter on their own ground, and get rid of my present feeling of inferiority.—*Mother, Dumbartonshire.*

Soldier of Peace

If I were blessed with more leisure hours, they would be devoted wholeheartedly to the cause of peace. The horrors of war, with all its suffering, misery and utter uselessness can never be stressed too much. Nor is the need for furthering an ideal ever more in evidence than at the present time.

All the spare time I possessed would be spent in an effort to educate my fellow-men and women not only to believe in peace, but to fight for it, and join the ever-swelling army of the Soldiers of Peace.—*Peace Lover, E.*

Studious Sailor

How I shall spend more leisure is going to be an actual problem for me from October, when seamen's working hours are to be reduced.

But it is not always easy to find occupation on long voyages, especially when the weather is good. Cooped up in a tramp steamer bound for Valparaiso or Singapore is not always adventurous. But the ship's library will help, and I intend to take up serious study.

I shall then be preparing myself for the days ahead when I shall have even more leisure ashore, unable to follow my employment.—*A. B., Liverpool.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 4.

My Parents' Greatest Sacrifice for Me
(See page 28)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Back-End Double

MANY of my readers will spend an interesting half-hour this week-end studying the entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

I shall be very interested in Sind for the Cesarewitch. He won for the Code at Liverpool and is the right type for a stamina test.

Thankerton strikes me as a likely sort for the Cambridgeshire, so I hope to find him in the nominations. It will be recollected that it was his dam, Verdict, who beat the mighty Epinard in the Newmarket event.

At the Alexandra Park meeting this week-end William of Valence and Carpet Knight look "good."

I ask Code followers to accept my apology for the error which occurred one day last week when selections were given in the wrong Code. I promise there will be no repetition of the occurrence!

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 30, to Wednesday, August 5:

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In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

THAMES UTILITY

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 25, illustrating various new features and complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

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MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

SPECIAL SALE PRICES WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts
10	7	8	£5/-/-	5/-	9/2
12	8	8	£5/17/6	6/-	10/9
14	8	8	£6/17/6	7/-	12/6

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(Treas.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years)
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A Paramount Balanced finely jewelled Swiss Lever movement, which never fails to maintain accurate time under all conditions, is yours NOW for 1/- deposit and 1/- weekly until 32/6 has been paid (30/- CASH). Super Stainless Case and latest Bracelet to match, 30/- only (27/6 cash) if required with real hide strap. 10 YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Exquisite Ladies' Model same price and terms.

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LADIES! HERE'S REAL WATCH VALUE!

Ladies! — put this dainty watch on your wrist for 7/6, and test it for a whole month under H. Samuel's Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee. The movement has been accurately adjusted by experts. Modern chromium case. SILK wristband. Countless other bargains in good watches and fine jewellery are illustrated in H. Samuel's FREE GIFT BOOKS. Send a postcard for your copies TO-DAY!

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CARDINAL POLISH

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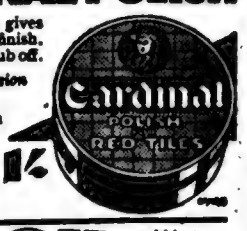
Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Also sold in Buff, Green and White.



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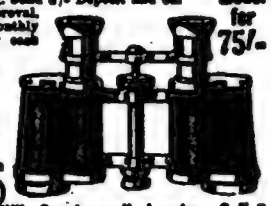
Prism Binoculars by Lemiere, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide view. Screw and eyepiece, Focus Bending Bar. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses by Zeiss, Dennhme Chalenin, Lemiere. Post Free.



10 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.128) 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

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Hohner, Stelbelli, Victoria, Frascelli, Hohner, Crucianelli, Paolo, Soprani, etc., etc.

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Piano Finished Cabinet, by Stelbelli, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bazzes. Cash price 47/6 or 2/6 first instalment, balance payable 4/- monthly until 52/6 is paid. Elaborate Tutor sent. Other cheaper Accordions from 35/6. Write for List of models with 25 Keys. 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass on equally attractive terms. J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 80), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

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GREENHOUSES!

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	47/6	5/6	4/6
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FROM 2/- DOWN CARR PD

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

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L.	W.	Cash	Down.	12 Pts.
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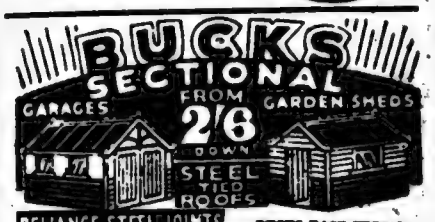

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BUCKS EASY TERMS.

	Cash	Dep.	Mthly.
GARDEN SHEDS	21/6	3/6	3/10
GARAGES	70/-	5/-	5/4

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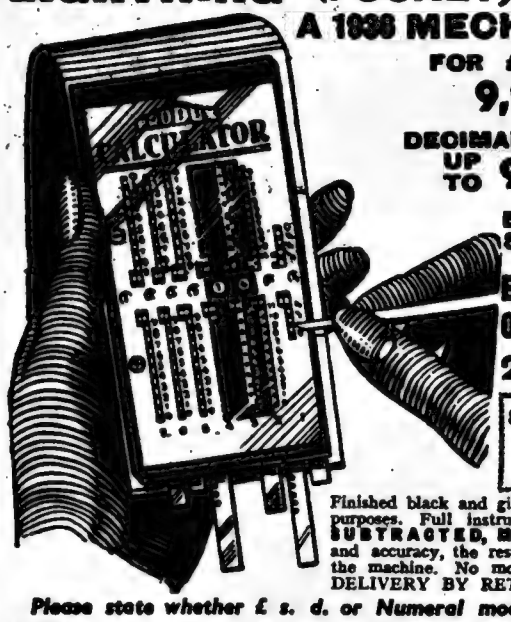
A 1936 MECHANICAL MARVEL

FOR £ S. D. UP TO 9,999/19/11 3/4

DECIMALS AND NUMERALS UP TO 99,999,999



Easily Fits in the Pocket Size, 4¼ ins. x 2 ins. x ¾ in.

EACH ONLY 5/9 POST 3d.

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Sent on 7 days' Approval against remittance

Write, call personally or Telephone Museum 8331

Finished black and gilt metal, with suede cover for protection purposes. Full instructions given. Figures can be ADDED, SUBTRACTED, MULTIPLIED, or DIVIDED with speed and accuracy, the result being registered across the centre of the machine. No modern business should be without one. DELIVERY BY RETURN.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS AND PLAYERS USE HOHNER CHROMATIC AND DIATONIC HARMONICAS

WHY — Because they have proved by experience that all Hohner instruments are faultless in construction, faithful in tone, perfect in pitch and matchless in quality. Models to suit every taste and pocket. Stocked by dealers everywhere.

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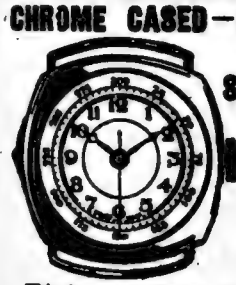
CHROME CASED — SWISS MADE WRISTLET STOP-WATCHES



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EACH ONLY 5/9

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LIST FREE — CASH OR EASY TERMS.

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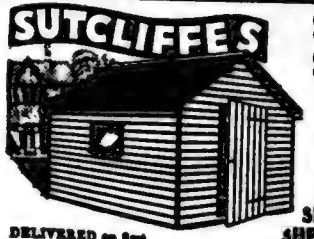
SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 29/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Rent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 — 2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 12 6 — 5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0 — 6/6
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Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

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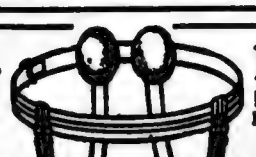
10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6 — 15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-



We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Hernia Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are, without doubt, the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes :—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Rid your garden of Weeds!

Above: Showing Weeder in use.

There's only one effective way of dealing with weeds—get to the root of the trouble with a "Uneek" weeder and dibber and never again will they grow. Weeds a whole garden in a few minutes without damage to lawns and flower beds, or stooping. Just push into ground, twist and withdraw. Out comes the biggest weed, root and all! Also a perfect dibber. Scoops out earth leaving clean hole. Avoids rammed pocket to watering and rot seedlings. Entirely BRITISH made. Invented by a gardener for gardeners, and made to last. Complete with long handle.

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RHINO-SOLE

6D and 1/- per TUBE

Boot repairing with Rhino-Sole is simplicity itself, a plastic compound easily spread on with a knife: it can be moulded to any desired shape or thickness, and hardens ready for wear in a few hours. "Rhino-Sole" repairs rubber and leather equal to new. Also invaluable for uskide, crepe, gum boots, TENNIS SHOES, etc. Obtainable from all leading Ironmongers, Leather Stores, etc. WOOLWORTHS, Timothy White's and W. H. Smith & Son's branches. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. for 1/10 for mammoth size tube, post free to:

Rhino-Sole, Ltd., 132T, Western Rd., Mitcham, Surrey.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

A GENUINE BARGAIN— 9,000 MOTHERS HAVE TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO WRITE AND TELL ME SO.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Rmb. Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winceyette Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Bock-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, Squares, Coverslips, etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. REDWARD, 98, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

LATEST LETTER READS: "Your layette is complete—puts one's mind at rest. Better than the costly practice of buying a little here and a little there, finally finding items overlooked."

RECEIVED SHED 1 P.M.. erected BY 4 P.M.!

Write a wicked answer

You, too, can erect a Thorns Portable Building in record time. The sections fit accurately and have "Strongees" *steel braced* corners. Roofing felt is included. Delivered on first payment and on fullest approval. Write NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 46.Q.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Down.	Mthly.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	62/-	6/6	5/11	Floors extra. Many other sizes.
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	66/-	5/6	5/1	
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	81/-	6/-	5/6	
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	6/6	6/6	
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	98/-	6/6	8/-	

Delivered Free or Carriage Paid England and Wales

THORNS Portable Buildings

Send NOW for Free CATALOGUE No. 46.Q. J. THORN & SONS Ltd., BOX 46 BRAMPTON - ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. 294 - BEXLEYHEATH 385

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3. COVENTRY.

CELEBRATE YOUR JOHN BULL CROSSWORD PENSION & FORTUNE WITH A MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END!
HUGE 3 IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE plus £500
OR LUMP SUM OF £750
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MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END FOR TWO...
Here are Mr and Mrs Penny, enjoying the luxury of first class travel during their Holiday Week-end. You, too, can travel to London or any Seaside Resort for a glorious Week-end in millionaire luxury at JOHN BULL'S expense!
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS - UP
BONUS AWARD VALUE £2
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
28

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, August 20, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 28. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1936.

J.B.28

J.B.28

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 28. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1936.

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J.B.28

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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ADDRESS ENTRY:

CROSSWORD NO. 28, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

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AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

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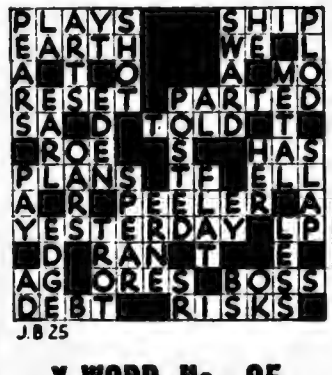

J.B.25

X-WORD No. 25.

RESULT ON PAGE 33.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 25 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Goldfish swim round and round in these
6. If you don't do this well, you'd better consult doctor
9. Rouse from sleep
10. Possess in town
11. Not all that's in the newspapers is this
12. Stalks of plants
16. Utilise
17. She hopes to get things cheaper at this
18. How revolt ends
20. Middle piece of ribbon
21. Several of these go to make up theatre performance
22. Animal with antlers
24. Took food
26. Good ones add to enjoyment of a holiday
28. Win back
31. Both ends of carp
32. You can at once see effect of a summer breeze on this
34. Fly may be in danger when caught in this
35. In need and kneeling
37. In front
39. If this is too long, it's likely to cause trouble
40. If yours is low, prospects are not good
41. Bird's eggs can be identified by this

DOWN

1. Loose ones allow more freedom
2. Owl with no tail
3. They help a girl to improve her appearance
4. In silks, and sulky
5. Don't go for your holiday where there may be rough ones
6. Where streams come together, river is this
7. Mother sheep
8. Make able
13. Mother's busy at this on washing day
14. These always need careful cooking
15. Too often seen in ring
17. Theatre-goer sometimes sees actors being this in a play
19. Dog seems to know by instinct
20. Flower not fully open
23. Long time in camera
25. Part of wreck in pieces
27. Perfect
29. These are more conspicuous in the country
30. Things cold and sweet in Leicester
33. Interjection either way you take it
34. Existed
36. Partake of food
38. Ends of ends
39. Common to noble and teller

£900 CASH WON IN X-WORD No. 25

See page 33

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, August 7.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 20. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 25, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

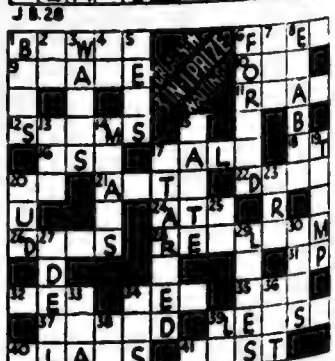
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

J.B.28

J.B.28

J.B.28



J.B.28

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

W. H. (Enfield).—"My garden furniture is all collapsible." We've seen that sort!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

SOLICITOR (London).—"I do like to get on with a case once I am instructed to do so." A man of actions.

F. S. (Balham).—"They ask a lot for the rent of my house." About seven times last week, we suppose.

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"I carried on while others slept." Through your after-dinner speeches?

D. N. (Skegness).—"Married people are all the same." Yet they all have their differences.

TRAVELLER (Orkneys).—"I once ate thirty candles." Had your doctor told you to go on a light diet?

S. N. V. (Burton).—"Teeth make or mar a girl's expression." A miss is as good as her smile.

L. P. (Evesham).—"In France I saw a sportsman in what appeared to be velvet breeches." Plush-fours.

D. N. D. (Sutton).—"In our match last Saturday the rain certainly helped the bowlers." Just the weather for ducks.

MRS. F. (Surbiton).—"To save hurting my neighbour's feelings I agreed that her daughter's voice was heavenly." You meant unearthly?

C. T. B. (Carshalton).—"My neighbour laughs in scorn because I have planted my garden with sweet-smelling flowers." Don't worry, you'll sniff at them later.

C. H. J. (Sileby).—"My Airedale gave the Dalmatian which attacked him a thorough good thrashing." In other words, knocked spots off him.

V. L. (Acton).—"The swimming costume my fiancée knitted for me irritates me terribly, but I hate to hurt her feelings by telling her." It's a ticklish job.

C. P. (Oundle).—"The ancient Greeks played on an instrument that sounded something like a piano." The people next door still have one.

H. B. (Birmingham).—"I must say that I am very critical of my wife's dresses." But you make allowances for them.

MRS. S. (Kensington).—"I find it delightfully easy to run up a frock if I want to." But inclination lacking you run up a bill?

FRED (Bath).—"I read that a batsman in a county cricket eleven is a fence constructor by trade." He certainly should know how to make boundaries.

R. E. (Fulham).—"A woman has lived to be 101 without seeing a motor car." And if she sees them in time she may live to be still older.

F. D. (Bayswater).—"An explorer has just given up elephant hunting to enter the stock exchange." Evidently he doesn't know when he's safe.

STATISTICIAN (Lancashire).—"Of all sportsmen, cricketers are the most free from epidemics." Some of them never catch anything.

MAISIE (Plaistow).—"Often as I lie in bed I imagine myself buying the latest in millinery: And do you know what that is?" A dream of a hat?

T. A. (Mountsorrel).—"The doctor has sent in his bill no less than six times, although all he did for me was to put on a few poultices." He evidently believes in repeated applications.

F. M. (Margate).—"A mystery which had five murders in it was unfavourably received by the audience." The author, however, had left the theatre, so there were only five murders.

T. N. (Acton).—"As the new director of a failing company, I vowed to the creditors that I would improve matters." There's nothing like making a promising start.

"Oh, George, quick! I'm sure there's a shark under the bed."

From "The Passing Show"

GARDENER (Bexley Heath).—"Greenfly are worse than mildew." Little blighters, in fact.

SCIENTIST (Liverpool).—"I think if we had less broadcasting the weather would improve." So would broadcasting.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Malvern). — "Simple people are the most generous." They often give themselves away.

RHYMSTER (Chelsea).—"I was once a prosperous poet." Very few poets are prosperous even as often as that.

M. T. (Worcester).—"What can one want more than a nice dish of raspberries?" Some sugar and a big pot of cream.

MOTORIST (Crewkerne).—"To see a bull lying in the road in the middle of the night is very surprising." But more surprising if you do not see him.

ELSIE (Bradford).—"I do not know what she has to be so conceited about for she is getting far too stout." You think she is putting on too much side.

PIANIST (Rempstone).—"I am certain that my hours of scale practice have helped me to gain speed as a typist." You know the keys better.

SERGEANT (Aldershot). — "Although some recruits seem incapable of turning left, they are still really fine fellows." You mean they are all right?

VISITOR (Weymouth). — "My fiancée quite lost her temper when we were out together in a canoe, because I splashed her." It's a good job you weren't both upset.

GEO. T. (Durham).—"The average M.P. has numerous accomplishments that his constituents never hear anything about." This must annoy the average M.P. tremendously.

D. L. (Chelsea). — "Although my brother-in-law likes taking us for a drive in his old car, he gets very annoyed when we jokingly refer to the age and condition of it." He is very easily rattled.

B. B. (Kent).—"I first became his friend when we both started protesting to the local council for enclosing part of the open ground between our houses." You had interests in common?

MANAGER (Cricklewood).—"There is a great demand for red-headed girls on the stage, and girls lucky enough to have hair of that colour are careful to keep it." Ah! preserved ginger.

L. A. G. (Walsall).—"The car passed me at lightning speed." It just flashed past.

S. N. (Taunton).—"Never go to sleep with your mind in doubt." Rest assured.

D. B. (Woodside).—"Some cocktails are medicinal." Shaken before taken.

E. S. (Bury).—"What do you call a man who is interested in the ways of insects?" A picnicker.

R. K. (Stourbridge).—"To win a weight-guessing competition, there is one thing you want to be." Exact.

N. F. (Maidstone).—"Every man's hand is against me. What do you advise me to do?" Give up playing cards.

LANDLADY (Ramsgate).—"My boarding-house is two minutes from the sea." You mean that's the time Sir Malcolm Campbell would take in the "Bluebird"?

J. C. L. (Warwick).—"Who could possibly object to trippers taking sandwiches from home and picnicking on the beach?" Beach restaurant proprietors.

JACK B. (Oldham).—"I have arranged a wrestling match between my two cousins." We hope this won't cause strained relations.

SYLVIA (Swindon).—"I'm coming to London to paint a group of the handsomest men I can find." We shall be too busy to give you a sitting.

MASTER (Leeds).—"Because he disobeyed them, prefects locked a junior boy in the school tuck-shop for the night." That was capital punishment.

HARD-UP (Leicester). — "My income seems to be divided between my wife, my creditors, the income-tax people, and myself." And you get no quarter!

MODERNIST (Driffield).—"I can give you one example where machines don't do away with labour." Been putting in some work with the lawn-mower?

B. M. (Frome).—"For anyone suffering from sea-sickness, there is nothing better than a small piece of dry bread." Except a large piece of dry land.

JOCKEY (Gatwick).—"I have signed an agreement to ride on only one race track." Then no other course is open to you!

V. M. (Manchester).—"When I asked him how he came out in the trial run he had in the new car, he said 'Tophole.'" Through the sunshine roof?

HIKER (Matlock).—"The number of articles we crammed into one rucksack was really staggering." So were you, we bet.

MISS G. (Richmond).—"Will ten shillings cover the cost of a bathing costume?" Yes, and the bathing costume as well.

MRS. P. R. (Bristol).—"We get so used to speed to-day that we hardly notice it." You'd get a big thrill from a drive at Brooklands with Sir Malcolm Campbell—that and £500 is one of 8,551 prizes you can win with a coupon from page 35.

HIKER (Bow).—"Although on my tours of the country I must have seen over a thousand public-houses I have never been in one of them." And which one was that?

T. O. (Loring).—"I was very anxious about a light I saw in the house of my neighbour who is away on holiday, so I watched until it was switched off." You were determined to see it out.

M. N. (Hornchurch).—"I am trying out a number of old farmhouse recipes. Perhaps you would care for a sample of the cake made a hundred years ago?" No thanks, it must be quite stale by now.

FLAT-DWELLER (Branksome). — "We quarrelled about the front gate being always left open, but, thank goodness, the matter is now finally settled." The subject is closed?

CHEMIST (Liverpool). — "After my clearance sale the only things unsold were the carboys of coloured water which had been forgotten in the window." Your only remaining liquid assets.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"The members agreed to the wages question being deferred until after the negotiations, when the conference will be recalled again to discuss WAGS."

THE EVENING TIMES:—"Special light rays will apply the BREAKS and bring to a standstill a new electric locomotive . . ."

THE CRAVEN HERALD—SKIPTON:—"Among numerous presents were a frameless mirror, cushion and antique PIG from the staff . . ."

OXFORD MAIL:—"One is reminded of the story of an old man who gazed at a rainbow for a long time and, apparently being under the impression that its arc was somehow a reproduction of the SON'S circumference . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . who completed the race won first-class replicas by finishing within nine-EIGHTHS of the winner's time."

Freed from Rupture

By a New Invention

Test it Free

A new invention, so small that it cannot be detected beneath the closest fitting clothes, has been perfected; it retains rupture safely and with comfort and heals the rupture.

Dancers, athletes, sportsmen, society women and people who do hard, tiring work have been healed in this new way. It is so comfortable that regardless of the position you assume, it does not hamper the body movement. Constructed of sanitary non-irritating materials and assures absolute freedom from skin irritations. Write for **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER** sent in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(ESQD) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(ESQD) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

ASTHMA

Relief is what matters

For sixty five years Himrod's has given the greatest relief to sufferers of bronchial asthma.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5'2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Result of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 25

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 25, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 32) were those submitted by 103 competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize and will, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, receive £7 5s. 8d. each.

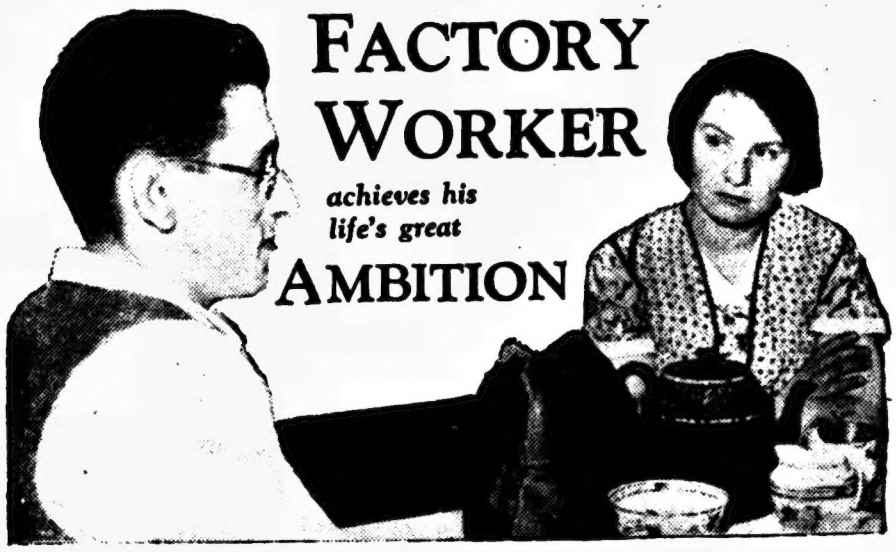
Owing to pressure on space, we are unable to print names and addresses here, but all sharing the Prize have been notified by post. Full list of names and addresses can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, or secured on application by forwarding with request a half-penny stamped addressed envelope.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize and who has not received the notification mentioned above, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 4, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 833 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 3s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up also can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to every Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 3,928 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on July 29.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 23.—One hundred and fifty-three competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of 6s. 7d. have been despatched.



FACTORY WORKER

achieves his life's great

AMBITION

HAPPY is the man who has congenial work for the daytime and an amusing hobby for his leisure hours!

But there is a 30-year-old factory worker in a little Buckinghamshire town who has that and more to be happy about.

He is Mr. E. Pearce, 81, Billingdon Road, Chesham, reports a JOHN BULL man. And the picture you see here of him and his wife at tea in their little parlour was taken on a red-letter day: on the mantelpiece, you see, was a telegram which had arrived that afternoon to tell Mr. Pearce that he had achieved his greatest ambition.

"You have been awarded First Prize of £500 in Competition No. 1,034," ran that golden message from Long Acre. With the forceful and ingenious *Bullet*, LOOK ABOUT YOU AND—SEE "UNSEEN" IN SCENE! this keen competitor had won at last the *Bullets* blue riband on which he had set his heart.

"I had great hopes of that line," this big winner told me when I called with JOHN BULL's congratulations. "In fact, I was thinking about it at work at the very moment I saw the telegraph boy whom my wife had sent on from home!

"Sometimes I take several days to polish an effort into its final form," he recalled, "but as soon as I thought of the word 'scene,' the rest of my First Prize *Bullet* came to me immediately and I wrote it straight down as it is."

Proofs that Mr. Pearce's fine effort was no flash in the pan, but the result of tackling his hobby with systematic care, I noticed around us as we chatted. In one corner stood his *Bullets* Radio and on a table there were three of the handsome Certificates of Merit which JOHN BULL now provides for published prize-winners as lasting souvenirs of success. He drew my attention to that which commemorated his capture of Third Prize in our 891st Competition with the *Bullet*, JUST A LITTLE—"BIT BY," BUT "BUOY."

"That was before I was married," Mr. Pearce explained, "when I was living in Townsend Road, Chesham. I started *Bullets* about four and a half years ago: I tried another literary Competition first without success, I remember. Then I turned to *Bullets* and immediately saw that this was what suited me."

One of the first steps towards success which this young winner took was to enlist the free aid of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, I learned. "It was not until I made '*Bullets*' *Bulletin* a regular visitor that I began to get the right idea," he declared. "It is a great little weekly.

"Competing in *Bullets* has meant all the world to me," Mr. Pearce remarked as I was leaving him. And as I travelled back to Long Acre, I thought of this young working man, happy with his wife and baby daughter, buying his little home, secure for the present and without a care for the future—thanks to *Bullets*!

Just think what this week's fine £500 First, with its thrilling celebration drive, would mean to you and yours. Then make up your mind that amongst the efforts you enter by Saturday, August 8, shall be a *Bullet* worthy of that fine 2-in-1 First Prize!

TO FLY WITH MRS. MOLLISON

The First Prize-winner in *Bullets* No. 1,034 was unable to take advantage of the flight with Mrs. Mollison as offered. Accordingly, as announced, the privilege passed on to the Second Prize-winner, Mrs. J. Barlow, 15, Maple Avenue, Haslingden, Rossendale. She has accepted it and arrangements for the flight are now being completed with Mrs. Mollison.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,035

First Prize, 40,000-mile World Cruise, £6 Weekly for Life and £1,000 Cash – or £3,000 plus trip to New York:

H. SMITH, 28, Eltham Road, Lee, S.E.
Example: DEMOCRACY
Bullet: KING "GIVES LIFE" TO.

SECOND PRIZE, £200:

W. WHITTING, 1, Grosvenor Road, East Ham, London, E.
Example: Lash Of Criticism
Bullet: "Laces?" From Old Soldier.

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

H. MILBURN, 63, Guildford Road, Southport.
Example: Granny Says
Bullet: "Career? Be A *Woman*!"

OTHER PRIZES:

£50: F. C. DEAN, 48, Mersey Road, Ipswich.
War's Harvest.
Poppy "Stands Out Against."

£25: Mrs. G. E. STEVENSON, 43, Allen Road, Peterborough.
Nature's Wealth
Banked On Holiday, Health.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: Mrs. E. TRIGGS, 4, Jasmond Road, Cosham, Hants.
Armaments King.
"Red Carpet," Spilt Blood.

£18: C. G. CUTLER, 250, High Road, Leytonstone, London E.
War's Harvest—Televise—And "Broadcast" Peace!

£16: S. WHITE, 79, Albert Street, Biddulph.
Vain Search—Then Found "Master," Despair.

£14: K. A. NICHOLLS, 40, Quakers Lane, Potters Bar.
Armaments King — "Pickpocket" Now — "Murderer" Later.

£12: N. CURRIE, 989, Aikenhead Road, Glasgow.
Good Work—Another Victim "Speed's" Claiming.

£10: J. SPINK, 45, Jervoise Street, West Bromwich.
Thanks To Father—Heartfelt, Though Hand Felt!

£9 10s.: T. W. ELGIE, 58, St. Thomas Road, Bow, London, E.
Our Lot—Got *Photographer* "All In."

£9: H. L. JONES, Adforton, Bucknell, Salop.
When Auntie Went Camping—Old Soldiers *Nearly Died*!

£8 10s.: Mrs. A. E. KEMP, 7, Poplar Street, Leeds.
Armaments King—Father—Weeds Remain "Enthroned."

£8: J. McKINLEY, Glyn Ceiriog, North Wales.
Worth More—Vigilance—Bathers, Not Costumes.

£7 10s.: B. GURD, Lea Green, Downton, Lymington.
Heard On The Cruise—"Stowaway? That's Auntie's Steward!"

£7: L. BENNETT, 40, Bexley Road, Belvedere.
Thanks To Father—Stamping About, Stud Useless!

£6 10s.: J. C. WILLIAMS, "Maes-yr-Haf," Trelewis, Treharris, Glam.
The Weather — Mutual *Foe* Introducing Englishmen.

£6: Mrs. A. FLINDERS, 399, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.
Thanks To Father—We've Everything—But Father.

£5 10s.: G. GREEN, 12, Civic Gardens, Mile Cross, Norwich.
War's Harvest—"Famine" In Healthy Recruits.

£5: W. G. VICKERS, 20, Monkcastle Drive, Glasgow.
The Weather—Putrid—So Pew Tried!

A list of 580 other cash prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

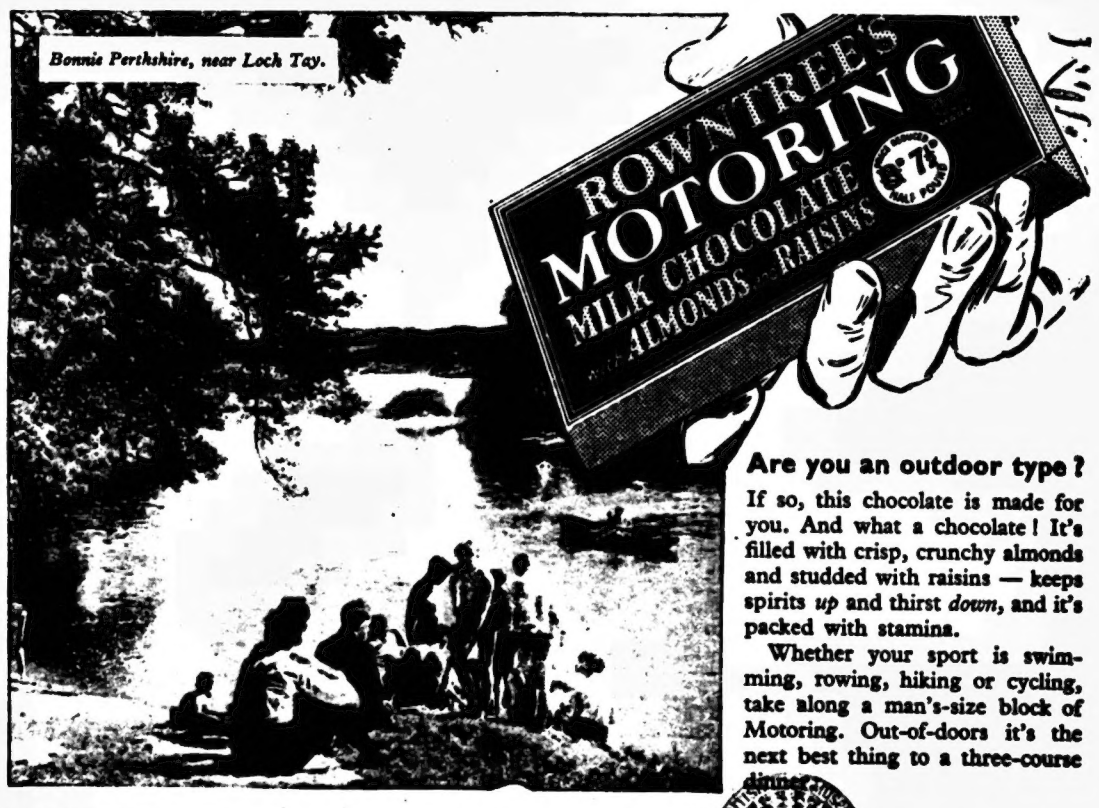
The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



Are you an outdoor type?

If so, this chocolate is made for you. And what a chocolate! It's filled with crisp, crunchy almonds and studded with raisins — keeps spirits *up* and thirst *down*, and it's packed with stamina.

Whether your sport is swimming, rowing, hiking or cycling, take along a man's-size block of Motoring. Out-of-doors it's the next best thing to a three-course dinner.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.
Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/3 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).
Special Book on Heart Troubles (J.B.320) Post Free on request.

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—
"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).
"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).
REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B.55), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

UNIQUE 2 IN 1 FIRST PRIZE
50 DOUBLE HOLIDAY AWARDS!
£500 Cash
plus BROOKLANDS DRIVE FOR TWO WITH SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
50 OTHER DOUBLE PRIZES
£30 PLUS CAMERA
£25 PLUS CAMERA
£20 PLUS CAMERA
£18 PLUS CAMERA
£16 PLUS CAMERA
£14 PLUS CAMERA
£12 PLUS CAMERA
£10 PLUS CAMERA
£9 PLUS CAMERA
£8 PLUS CAMERA
£7 PLUS CAMERA
£6 PLUS CAMERA
£5 PLUS CAMERA
6 of £4 EACH PLUS CAMERA
6 of £3 EACH PLUS CAMERA
25 of £2 EACH PLUS CAMERA
FINE KODAK BONUS AWARD
SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL has refused any payment for taking the wheel of his luxurious Sports Car to provide this unique "Brooklands Drive" prize for "Bulleteers." But a substantial sum is being provided by "John Bull" for Sir Malcolm to distribute for charitable purposes.
1039

Plus £1250 cash offered to World Cruise entrants. All users of £10 Holiday Bonus Coupon in Competition No. 1,035 are reminded that with any prize from £4 upwards this week "John Bull" will present them with an additional £10 Holiday Cheque.

ONE WEEK TO WIN GREAT NEW FIRST PRIZE AND HOLIDAY CHEQUES!

IMAGINE yourself setting out for the famous Brooklands motor track at JOHN BULL'S expense, meeting there no less a person than Sir Malcolm Campbell and being driven off by the world's most celebrated motorist for a demonstration of the speed and safety of a modern super car!

That will be the thrilling privilege of the £500 First Prize-winner in the splendid *Bullets* Holiday Offer launched to-day; should he or she find themselves unable to take advantage of the opportunity of driving with Sir Malcolm Campbell, the privilege will pass on automatically to the winner of the next biggest cash prize who can accept this invitation from JOHN BULL.

Following this novel First, comes a bumper batch of seasonable double Holiday Prizes. There are 50 of them and in each case a substantial Holiday Cheque is supplemented by a fine Kodak Camera.

On Friday, August 21, some entrant will receive a First Prize Joy Wire from JOHN BULL—why should it not be you?

THIS WAY TO SUCCESS

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly and carefully through the *Examples* and make rough notes of all the ideas any of them bring to your mind.

Now, a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to condense and improve the phrasing of your rough jottings into *Bullets* form.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example* DISAPPOINTING. Against this you might scribble *Youngster Who Does Not Make Good*. A few minutes' thought and you could improve this with a double meaning into the typical *Bullet*, DISAPPOINTING—YOUNGSTER—"PROMISE" NEVER FULFILLED.

For further guidance, make a careful study of the good points of the successful efforts in our 1,035th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* with confidence and make up your mind that by Saturday, August 8, some *Bullets* of prize standard shall reach the judges from you!

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S DANGER
MODERN HOUSE
SLOGAN FOR GENEVA
SOMETHING TO CHERISH
TO CONQUER
ADVERSITY'S SWORD
UNCHARTED SEA
POLITICIANS TALK, BUT
TO KEEP THE POT BOILING
TIRED AND ACHING
UNEASY
DESERVES THE SACK
HAVING ONE
TIME AFTER TIME
OUT
MORE REASONABLE
UP IN THE CITY
HIS LINE
LITTLE GENTLEMAN
ENTICING
DAD'S BEES
SHE'S GOT MONEY, SO
CAUSED A HITCH
WITH HONOUR
COUNTRY COUSIN
PUTS HER BACK UP
OYSTERS
"WAKE UP!"
DISAPPOINTING
MISSED FIRE
SAID DAUGHTER TO MOTHER
SOMEONE LAUGHED AND
FOLKS AT HOME
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES
MEN WHO WANT
WITHOUT A PENNY

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS **USE THIS COUPON**

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 6d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,039) Closing SAT., Aug. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,039) Closing SAT., Aug. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,039) Closing SAT., Aug. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,039) Closing SAT., Aug. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,039) Closing SAT., Aug. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,039 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,039, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Food that adds to Holiday health

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